

# EVER-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

## ABOUT HUSBANDS: THEIR PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES.

### RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY THE GENERAL.

#### THINGS.

ing that the husband often winds up by worrying her late in the grave.

Now, I say to husbands, Do not set this state of things, or anything approaching to it, happen to you in your experience. Begin and go on to the end in the spirit and practice of a true partnership. The children are yours but as true a sense as they are your wife's, and, although Divine Providence has apportioned the larger share of the work of teaching and training them to her, a big responsibility for leading her all the assistance that lies in your power rests on you. Twenty years hence, if you are a good Salvationist, and should he spared, you will want to see them taking up a front-rank place in the battle of life, holding and successfully playing their part. On the other hand, you would deprive them of growing up to be the enemies of God, a curse to their friends, and a disgrace to your name.

If the latter object is to be avoided and the former is to be gained, somebody must prepare the soil of their young hearts, put in the good seed, pull out the weeds, nad watch and pray with tears and patience. I repeat again, that the major portion of the burden of all this loving toil, must necessarily fall upon the wife, and especially will it be so when the children are at the most impressionable age; but I insist also, and that with all the emphasis I can employ, that the husband must take his fair share of this anxious business—and that will largely consist in hearing about the difficulties, and with every inspiring, consoling, and to the best method of dealing with them, and encouraging the wife with the discharge of her heavenly task.

#### MAKE YOUR WIFE HAPPY.

8. THE FAITHFUL HUSBAND WILL SPECIALLY CARE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF HIS WIFE. A certain amount of gladness is essential to her health of body, mind, and spirit. Men don't forget this when they think of their own lot. Their

sentiment on the subject is expressed in the proverb that says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

What is true of man, is equally true of woman. Some change of mind and scene is essential to her well-being, as much her right as his, and she ought to have it. Who is responsible for this? What is supplied, if not her husband? He should create her happiness before he married her; made her presents, and took her to meetings and festivals; shared his holidays with her at the sea-side and elsewhere, spending hours conversing over matters that were unimportant in themselves and about which he cared but little, just because they made her happy for the time. Why should he not continue to use these and similar pleasing arts for marking pleasant thoughts and feelings in her breast, of which he was such a master before he took her to the altar, and which will be just as acceptable and pleasing to her now as they were in the bright days gone by? I don't ask for a single one of the frivolities so common in the giddy world, but I do ask that she be direct and persevering in her efforts to brighten her life, and make her feel that it is a joy to him to have been favored with such love as has fallen to his lot.

Ah! with many all these loving usages change so seriously, and so much for the worse as the days go by, that the poor wife comes to think that she is to her husband as an old song that has lost its charm—all the gladness dries up out of her soul, and life becomes a gloomy pilgrimage.

Of course, the experience of the true Salvationist will differ materially from this, seeing that there will be sources of gladness eternally new in the streams of life and salvation ever flowing upon them, and in the ever-changing novelties connected with saving souls and extending the kingdom of God.

#### HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU GIVE YOUR WIFE?

9. THE TRUE HUSBAND WILL GIVE HIS WIFE A FAIR SHARE OF HIS TIME. This is a difficult subject, and one on which I fear some difference of opinion prevails even among Salvationists, so much so that I rather hesitate to touch it. Still, a word to the wise may be useful.

The attachment of some wives is known far and near. They would ever keep their husbands dangling at their elbows, expecting them to have no higher aim than to minister to their comfort and pleasure, regardless of the useful work they might be doing for the lost and wretched



*Joe the Turk.*  
A noted Special in the U. S. A.

around them. But I must remark that the woman has, beyond question, a right to a fair and reasonable measure of her husband's time, and he ought to see that she has it.

As Salvationists, one or both, will have ceased to live to please themselves. Their time, like all else they possess, belongs to God. To him, and the service of His Kingdom, it has been dedicated, and the husband will have no moments to spare for giddy pleasure, either for himself, or to share with his wife. But she certainly has an unquestionable claim upon her husband for the time necessary for the discharge of the duties he owes to his family. For instance, he must, if possible, find leisure for communion with God, reading the Bible and Salvation literature, for teaching and training the children, and discharging his part generally in the business of his own fireside. If he finds any difficulty in sparing it from other duties, let him justify his husband the moment as they fly, which will alone go far to make his wife good and happy.

(To be continued.)

### PEARLS.

Rich preys make true men thieves.

—♦—

Every cloud engenders not a storm.

—♦—

Hasty marriages seldom prove well.

—♦—

The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.

—♦—

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

—♦—

Peace of soul has nothing to do with indifference.

—♦—

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.

—♦—

Time's chariot wheels make their entrance road in the fairest faces.

—♦—

Anyone may make a mistake, but none save a fool will continue in it.

—♦—

A mother's love is in a degree sanctifies the most worthless offspring.

—♦—

The man whose lively spirits are the delight of his tavern acquaintance is apt to be rather a dull companion in the family circle.

### It Pays to Take Pains.

Take pains. Take trouble. Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Whatever you begin, finish. It may not seem to be worth your while for the moment to be so very painstaking, so very exact. In after years you will find it was worth your while; that it has paid you by training your character and soul; paid you by giving you success in life; paid you, by giving you the respect and trust of your fellow-men; paid you, by helping you towards a good conscience, and embelling you in old age to turn back and say, I have been of use upon the earth. —Charles Kingsley.



HAMILTON J. SAILOR'S BRIGADE AT DUNDAS PICNIC.

## A SHADOWED LIFE.

### A Rescue Story.

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

**A** SHADOWED life indeed was little Flossie's, almost from the cradle to the grave. The first shadow fell upon her when but a few days old, when the pale, weak mother closed her eyes in death, and left the tiny babe, with two other children, motherless. How they missed her loving care and unceasing watchfulness, for she had been to the children all that a mother could be. How they missed her sweet voice in the long, quiet evenings, for she would sing plaintively and softly while they waited for father to come home from his work.

"In the sweet by-and-bye,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Mother's feet had trod at last the beautiful streets of gold, but the children were left sad and desolate on this side the river.

For a few years others went fairly well, then a stepmother came to the home, and the shadow grew darker, and unkindness and unkindness took the place of the love they had been used to. But for the kind words from the father's lips, when home from his work, the children's lives would have been inundated.

Gradually a deeper shadow was looming upon their life's horizon. The loving father came home one night pale and weary, complaining of a terrible headache.

"What would you do if you should lose me?" he asked his eldest child.

"Oh, father, darling, do not mention such a thing," she cried, while the tears streamed down her face.

He was seriously ill. "Small-pox," the doctor said; the fever ran high, and in his delirium the little ones wept on his mind.

"Bring me my clothes that I may get up and work for you all," he pleaded, but he was never to work for them again. In three short days the terrible disease ran its course, the tender, patient father passed away and was placed beneath the sod.

It did not take long for the step-mother to decide what to do with the children, for she, as determined to rid herself of all responsibility, Flossie and her sister were placed in an orphanage, and the boy, a noble little fellow, in Boys' Home.

Life in the Home was very different to Flossie to what she was accustomed, but under the care of her teachers who were very much interested in her, her life was a very happy one.

Several years slipped by. Her brother meanwhile, had emigrated to Canada, and the letters he sent brought good news of success in life in the new country.

One day, when Flossie was nearly fifteen, her brother sent money to pay the fares of herself and sister to Canada. How joyous and bright everything looked, as they sailed away from the shores of dear old England, and with what bright hopes they looked forward to life in the future under a loving brother's care.

A thick fog enveloped the river so densely, as they neared the Canadian shore, that the vessel had to stop until it cleared away. It seemed as though the darkness were a forewarning of the deepest, deepest shadows that were soon to hover over Flossie's life; but of this she was then unconscious. As she landed at the old farm house, and her brother received her into his loving arms, her young heart bounded with hope, and it seemed as if the shadows had fled for ever.

Sundays were her happiest times; she loved to go in church and Sunday School. The quiet, restful, country life, with its green fields, blue skies, and warbling birds, appealed to her heart.

In her enthusiasm, however, the voice of the temper was heard, and without realizing the step she was taking, was dragged down into sin by a flood in human form. Then also! the deepest shadow and the deepest anguish entered into the child's life.

When other doors were closed, the door of one of our Ilocene houses was

open to admit this daughter of Eve—she had tasted life's forbidden, so-called plenitude, and now it tasted as gall. It was painful to see one so young and childish so cruelly betrayed. Often as she sat by the fire knitting in the sewing-room, she would lay down the work and cover her face with her hands, while the most heart-rending sighs escaped from the wounded heart. Often, when spoken to about her soul, she would read and search her Bible, but the light would not come.

One day the Provincial Officers and League of Mercy, in their great desire to bless and cheer these unfortunate sisters, provided a beautiful supper for them. At that love could find no end, and what was done and they ministered to them in the long train with loving hands. After supper, the String Band, with the officers' singing interspersed, played some selections. The Major besought the girls to be saved.

"I feel someone ought to be saved tonight," said the Home Mother.

Flossie's heart answered, "Yes, it is me."

"The wounds of Christ are open. Sinners, they were made for thee."

Over and over the beautiful words rang out and echoed through the corridors of the dear old Home.

"Come," pleaded the Major, and Flossie looked over to the table, with the lights and flowers, with wistful eyes.

"Come, my dear," pleaded the League of Mercy sister, and Flossie crouched down in her guilt by the sister's side, and they pleaded for her salvation; then the eternal day dawned in her soul, and the shadows fled away. Her life afterwards proved God's power to save, she was quite and rested. In the League meetings at the Home one night, she stood up with the officer and sang the strangely true words:

"Never my home from day to day,  
I am coming nearer;  
Never my home, my heart can say,  
I am coming nearer."

A solemn hush fell upon the meeting. "Lord, who is it thus drawing so near home?" questioned the officer's heart. "I wonder which it is," for we feel the words were prophetic. The last one to be thought of was Flossie, but it proved to be her. The feet that had found Satan's ways soon stepped onto the golden streets and the weary heart be still from its aching. "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

One day soon after, in the solemn quiet of the early dawn, in the hospital ward, the last shadow, grey and chill, passed over the dying face. The last whispered, "Has she come?" emanating the Home officer, and she would often sit beside the lighted lamp of the Father's name. As we looked on the pale face in the coffin, and placed the white shroud on her breast, we could but praise God that she had been brought into the Saviour's fold. Though the poor little body had been destroyed by sin, we knew that the pure spirit was rejoicing before the throne and singing with the redeemed host. "Unto Him Who loved us and washed us from sin in His own blood, be honor and dominion for ever."

The little wailing baby came to the Home, and after a few months it died. Mother and child were reunited. "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

## Godbey's Commentary ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Published by W. W. Knapp, Revivalistic Office, Cincinnati, O.)

The latest two volumes of the above work have just reached us. They are well printed in clear, large type, and bound in stiff linen cover. Vol. V. comprises Acts to Romans, and Vol. VI. next one of the Irenaeized Gospels (price \$1.50 each).

Godbey's Commentary is a most useful help to the Bible student, evangelist, and Salvation Army officer. It is written in a clear, comprehensive,

pointed, and pithy way, full of vigor and zest, avoiding all unnecessary technicalities and above all, being eminently practical for everyday use.

Our readers can best form an idea by some extracts which we select, with some difficulty, since there is so much excellent comment.

"**Suicide, Succession and Doom of Judas.**"

15-26. Now, Peter, in his recognized seniority, proceeds to have the vacuum created by the fall of Judas供应. The prophecies here quoted, predicting the treason of Judas, did not necessitate the atrocious crime. You must bear in mind that God is not bound by the prophecies, but the prophecies are bound by God. The prophecies themselves are histories in fulfillment seen by the Omnipotent Eye, with whom all events in all ages are present. Christ came into the world to die a substitute for humanity. If Judas had never been born, Jesus would have died a ransom for the lost world just the same. In verse 17 we learn that Judas received a lot in the apostolic ministry. We cannot conclude that our Saviour even sent out a sinner, or a devil, to preach His holy Gospel. John vi. 70: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" If you will notice the Gospel harmony you will find these words were spoken after two years of the apostle ministry had passed away. Unfortunately, Judas was the apostolic treasurer and manager a very dangerous office. The love of money taught Jacob with desperation twenty years, and would have conquered and sent him to hell if he had not repented in the Penal experience after his remorseful night of misery. Notice the love of money and all other pluries of sinfulness manifested out of him. Let us not forget that poor Judas has an charming minister, following at the present time. Could you mimic the bottomless pit, and look down upon Judas, doubtless you would see him surrounded by multiplied thousands of preachers and church officials who were ruined by the love of money, sold out their Lord for fifty lire here, and made their bed in hell. Jesus condemns the hireling shepherd and says he will play the coward when the wolf comes. No wonder Satan's wolves at the present day are making awful havoc, slaying, devouring and scattering the Lord's sheep, when a hireling ministry is the established order of all ecclesiasticisms. Judas sold Jesus for fifteen dollars. Since a preacher now sells him for fifteen hundred, and not a few at fifteen thousand, we seriously doubt whether any other ministry has a like ministerial following than Judas'. Reader, beware of filthy hirelings sent an apostle to hell!

There is no disconnection between Matthew and Luke as to the conduct of Judas and their dissimilarity of phraseology but clinches the argument in favor of the veracity of both, as there is no probability that either saw the record of the other. The statement in E. A. that Judas repented is not correct. When man repents in the true Bible sense, God always forgives, because a genuine repentance is the work of the Holy Ghost, and the infallible antecedent to a true pardon. If Judas had repented, he would have been forgiven and saved. The Greek word does not mean repent, but "cleansed with remorse," an actual purification, as to precipitate him into suicide. For the same reason millions besides Judas have hurried to join their misery by committing suicide or the devil to escape their damnation. Amid this horrible and unbearable remorse, Judas, casting in vain to rescind the contract, thrown down the money in the temple and cans off to a rugged precipice beyond the deep valley of Hinnom pointed out to me by my guide when I was there in 1853 with furios expedition, gets hold of a rope too weak to hold his robust, corpulent, Jewish body, ties it round his neck, swings off the precipice, the rope breaking, he falls precipitately on the great rocks beneath, bursting in twain, as the Greeks say, with a great noise, all his internal organs gushing out. Thus he dies a most horrible death, writhing in his own blood.

An example of the comments on the Gospels is given on page 2, in the article, "Rieh, but a Paul."

(To be continued.)

## Central Ontario PROVINCIAL N.

By MAJOR TURNER.

I have just concluded a very successful series of meetings in the Midland District, taking in Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Huntsville, and Orillia.

At Gravenhurst a very nice audience greeted me. They evinced a great interest in the meetings we held, and one soul came to the Mercy. Capt. Howcroft and Lieut. Peacock getting well hold of the people, we predict for them a real success in the fall and winter campaign.

The Bracebridge excursion, considering the lateness of the season, was a unique affair. We marveled at the interest centred in the same, and a splendid crowd that started out to take in the beautiful trip up to Port Colborne, 45 miles distant. The music and meetings at noon and in the evening, while carousing around and between the hills and over the lakes, was much enjoyed by all, many stating that this was one of the best excursions that they have ever been on. The Bracebridge String Band added much to the interest of the proceedings, while Bro. Eddard looked well after the wants of the inner man. The excursion was very successful from a financial standpoint, the gross proceedings being \$105.

The week-end at Bracebridge was made a great blessing to all. The forenoon on Sunday morning, the midday meeting, with four came out for deliverance, the little talk to the Juniors, the explanation as to "The Why and Wherefore of the Salvation Army" in the afternoon, and the impressive gathering at night, with three souls at the Mercy Seat all notified to the fact that the Army is still active in this Muskoka town. Ensign and Mrs. Bade, and Capt. Stickells, have a good hold of the people, and are doing an excellent work.

After doing some inspection work with Ensign Bade visiting one of the previous night's converts, we started off the next day for Huntsville, where a splendid meeting was held. A nice crowd came inside, and two at the Mercy Seat. Huntsville still maintains its reputation as a good live Army town.

The next night at Orillia the public and soldiers' meetings were much enjoyed by all present. Capt. Wilson and Kivell are getting hold of the hearts of the people, and are seeing many souls saved during their stay.

The following night was the Halibut-Woodstock meeting at Lissar St. The barracks was filled. A real interesting ceremony was conducted. Bro. Stewart and Sister John, as man and wife, will, with a greater intensity, endeavor to live for God, and the salvation of precious souls.

Things throughout the Province are looking up in every direction and we are expecting a splendid soul-saving session during the balance of the present year.

Capt. and Mrs. White have just returned from their honeymoon, and have gone to Bowmanville full of faith and determination to do a successful work in the interest of God's Kingdom.

Ensign Bade, together with Captain Charlton and Lieut. Gilfillan, re-opened Ahmic Harbor on Sunday, Sept. 23rd.

The citizens of this community have so been clamoring for officers to be sent back during the past few months that we have not been able to close our ears any longer to their demands. We hope to see this place go forward as never before.

Hamilton reports a real success at the week-end last Sunday, with nearly a score at the penitent form, and excellent finances.

## HEROES OF THE CROSS.

V.—Frances Willard, the Apostle of the White Ribbon.

[Taken from an Address by Lady Henry Somerset at the Recent World's W. C. T. U. Convocation.]

How vividly we realize that there was a winter morning, a little more than two years ago, when a solemn bush came to waken the world over, when fears stood in the eyes of man unused to emotion, and when to many hearts there came that—

"Silence that ached round us," when the human voice we loved so well was still, and the busy pen was laid aside, and we knew that Frances Willard had gone home.

What was it we had lost? What was it that made the world seem poorer, as the wintry sun shone through the grey clouds?



FRANCES WILLARD.

The rush of the death chamber seemed to fill the world, for one had gone forth who had left a place none other could fill; and every woman of the great W. C. T. U. knew that day that she had lost a faithful comrade, that the world had lost a Christian patriot, a worker for noble causes, a woman of marvelous energy, of clear and eloquent speech, of broad outlook, and of commanding spirit; and sadness and pain filled the hearts of women in distant lands, who had never looked into her face, never touched her hand, never come into that inspiring presence, but who had known her and loved her and trusted her, because her spirit was diffused wherever-by the work of women—humanity was uplifted.

We are sometimes apt to minimize, when we look upon those who have passed on, the humanness of their example; the prominent features of strength and greatness and courage stand out so strongly that we fail to grasp the little by-ways that led to these heights. I think that if I were asked the salient feature of Frances Willard's character, I should say: The silent feature of Frances Willard's character was:

**Its Absolute Transparent Simplicity,** and the child-like humanness of her nature. From the days of her happy girlhood at Forest Home, in that free, bright life, and under the watchful, most loving mother, and ever watching the unfolding of her children, all through her college days, to the time when her great gifts brought her in a position for which she was singularly fitted as the head of the Woman's College, you will always find these characteristics prominent; her deep human affections, her singleness of purpose, her intense trust in humanity, and her yearning after the ideal. From her earliest girlhood to the last day of her life, she had the comeliness which made her understand the voices of this world and the voices which came from the next; and here, I think, lay that magnetism which none who came into her presence ever failed to realize.

I am not going to dwell upon the incidents of her life, they are much too well known; I am going to speak, for of the great regeneration by which she gave up a successful profession to go out into an unpopular cause, without money, without the assurance of success, but with the love of God

and humanity in her heart. But what was it that gave her the hold over human beings such as, perhaps, we shall never see again? What was it that made it possible for everyone who came into her presence

To Feel that They had Found a Friend, that their interests, their lives, their work, their advancement, their development, was the thing that was always near to her heart? We might answer that, in a sense, it was selflessness; but it was not only that, there was something more. I think, first of all, it was a profound belief in humanity. She saw the Divine in humanity as I have never known it realized by anyone else; and in the very darkest, dullest human life she recognized the aurore that no one else saw. It was not that she made herself believe in them. She had an intuition of their best, and although at times that intuition might possibly exaggerate the good and minimize the evil, failed to call out, at least for the time, that human soul, a real desire to live up to what she believed it to be.

I have seen her again and again come into the presence of people, whom, superficially, one would say were dwarfed and stunted and worldly, and in a few moments you would realize that the individual had caught sight of something they had not, perhaps, seen before; it was not any-

thing she had said, it was no startling proposition that she had laid down, but it was just as though a light had come into a dark room and suddenly illuminated that which was there all the time, but which we had not perceived. There was an absolute trust that they would understand the best, that they could not fail to see it, that their motive was the same as hers, that they, too, were looking upward and not down, onward and not back. So they found themselves

Gazing into that which they had Never Seen, an opening of that which they had never believed in; they had come for a moment within the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have seen her sometimes in the presence of those who were professed and somewhat boastfully agnostic, and as she has drawn from them their ideal of life, how often I have heard the tender way in which she would put her hand upon the shoulder of the other and say, in quaint New England fashion, "Yes, Honey, that is Christ, but you don't know it; all that you call goodness and uprightness and wisdom is to me Christ, but the very one which she looked, made prone pause, and I have seen the strongest face, as though to say, "I wonder whether, after all, you were not right and I wrong?" In thousands of cases she has awakened people to see what they might be, to believe in themselves and their own powers, not just blindly to follow some leader, but to believe in what they themselves could accomplish. She had the power of

Showing People to Themselves, not the bad or the discouraging side, but the best and strongest, life's greatest possibilities for everyone.  
(To be concluded.)

## IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

## AN URGENT APPEAL TO WOMEN.

BY LIEUT-COLONEL MRS. READ.

Through a weary, overwrought and somewhat confused mind—doubtless reflecting the effects of heavy sun-work, with its four involving thousands of miles of traveling, the solving of many perplexing problems, and the responsibility of over seventy meetings—a stanza from Gounod's famous Oratorio, "The Redemption," like a echo from some far off shore, has been ringing all day. It has repeated itself with a singular persistency—the various duties that have required attention not obliterating the monotonous rhythm of its question: "Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Of course the interrogation refers to the world's great tragedy. It is the hungry question put to the mocking, jeering, blood-craving multitude who surrounded Calvary's hill, when He Whose name is Love and Mercy, had humbled Himself to die as a common defector, and in the throes of death, was suffering an agony more hideous than can depict in speech, despairing a death of such exquisite torture that even nature uttered her protestation in groaning thunders that rocked the earth's foundations, and heaven refused to witness the scene, and shrouded her face with the veil of night, while the Immortal Sufferer cried out, "With eyes dimmed in a mist of blood" as if the weight of a fallen world's transgression was too heavy for His Kingly form since they obscured His Father's face, "Eh, Eh, hum, subdueth!" (My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?)

The memory of the sweet embroidery of the voices, the wondrous cadence of this great master creation of music, and the question which rings out above the clash of orchestra and the peal of the organ, brings like a living picture before me the solemn spectacle of Calvary's great sacrifice. I can almost hear the cruel invectives hurled upon the bleeding Victim on the tree by the Christ-rejecting mob. The mysterious, unthankable love of that given life and its purchase for the world comes back to my heart with a new message, and as in imagination

I pause and gaze upon the unparalleled scene and see in that matchless face the unutterable horrors of the world's sin, pity for the world's woe, and love for the world's needy. I also fancy not far away, mingling her tears with the Redeemer's death tears, might be found the pardoned Mary of Magdala. As I think of it, in my heart there rises a fresh ray of light, a star of hope for the great army of Magdalenes of the present day.

\* \* \*

Trailing from the cross a myriad voices appeal to me, a myriad hands are stretched out to me, a myriad broken hearts lie their bare企vers before me, and the great, sad need of the erring ones faces me.

There they are. In London, Eng., alone, 80,000 on the streets selling themselves for bread; in the United States there are 230,000 destitute ones, 50,000 of whom die every year without hope here or heaven hereafter, many of them flung out to the corruption of the "Potter's field." 50,000 fresh victims are reported yearly to take the places of those who perish, most of whom are entrapped into this life by intrigue, deception, and force. In my own fair land, how many are upon the edge—unpaid statistics? nor but the plague spots exist, the moral leprosy is all too evident. It places its skeleton fingers upon the home circle, snatching from its sacred precincts many a cherished and beloved child. Vancouver, B. C., has its Import St., Halifax, N. S., its Albionville St., St. John, N. B., its Sheldell District! Need I say more?

If no need can be found, why was it possible for the Salvation Army (not to speak of other organizations) to rescue over 800 unfortunate women, some of whom were mere children, last year in this fair Dowryland alone?

I might write of the cause of this appalling state of affairs. I might also speak of the remedy for these evils—that Christ is the only hope, the answer to all questions, the solution of all problems, the panacea for all human sin and sorrow. But it is not my object to speak of these important subjects, but to ask every woman reader to consider her relationship to

this great multitude of "city slaves" who are the purchase of His blood. Many of these women have been deeply shamed against; they have hearts as we have, they love us who have them, yet we offer, and, if I may say so, slight the Christ as the Magdalene served Him, with tender, self-sacrificing service. Many of them have had no loving mother's hand to lead them up the path of womanhood. Their childhood has been overset with many shadows. Many have not been privileged with healthy Christian environment, many are tainted with baseful heredity. Oh, my sisters, I plead not for sin, but I do plead for the sinner!

Permit me to turn the question from the Christ, and say, "Is it nothing to you?" That these poor, unfortunate ones, who were the objects of His forgiving grace, go on in their sin and despair? Will you not help us to save them? What is your duty to your erring sister? If she is to be helped, your hand will be the hand to reach her; if she is to be loved back to purity, your heart will be the heart to love her. This is woman's work for women. It can only be accomplished by women. The great need of our Resene work at the moment is consecrated womanhood. What are we to do?

"Oh," wrote the Matron of one of our Homes the other day, "if only we had a larger number of godly women as officers, how much more we could accomplish!" That is perfectly true. Our opportunities in this country are limitless. If we only had the workers. The work is not easy, it involves a little sacrifice, but it contains possibilities of greatest blessing and usefulness. With the many extensions of our Women's Social Department the need of officers increases. Many of our precious Resene Staff are doing double duty. Some are very weary after months of incessant toil. Every day brings requests for more help in the Homes, and information respecting those whose health is impaired through too much work. And all—Why? Is it because the dear sister who reads these lines has hitherto withheld "particulars of price"? Let me urge upon you to at once seek Divine guidance, and if the Holy Spirit awakes in your heart a desire to "seek and save the lost," write to us.

We need nurses, and those who are willing to be trained to care for the sick. Letters reached us last week from two Field Officers, which were appreciated greatly. They both wrote of women in their corps whom they feel ought to be in the Resene work. Similar letters from other officers will be very welcome.

With a fervent prayer that these few lines may stir some womanly heart to devoted service for sorrowing mankind, this appeal has been made.

"Is it nothing to you, dear women? Have ye say ye have taught to do? Your poor outcast sisters are dying unsaved,

And is this nothing to you?"

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

## RE SALE OF WORK.

Will the friends who are making articles for the Toronto Sale of Work (for the benefit of the Resene Howe and Children's Home) kindly send in the parcel by the 25th of October. All kinds of little articles of fancy work, either mats, cushions, aprons, or baby garments, or anything that would be useful or ornamental, will be acceptable.

Address parcels, prepaid, or enquire for further information, to Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read, the Temple, Toronto.

## WORKERS! IS THIS A CALL TO YOU?

In view of the many extensions in the Women's Social Department, officers are most urgently needed. Consecrated young women, who desire to serve the sick, and sorrowful, and sinful, have here a great opportunity to do so. Trained nurses, or those who are willing to enter a course of training, and devote their lives to the care of the sick, are especially needed.

Apply at once to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, the Temple, Toronto.



### Verse Topics.

#### IMPROVEMENT.

When a harvest has been reaped, it is well to rejoice and give thanks unto God, but we should not stop there. Each harvest should improve us by making us more skillful husbandmen. If the harvest was bountiful, we should try to rightly understand wherein our toll (apart from the indispensable blessings of God) has helped to make it such. If the reaping was sparingly, then we should seek to trace the causes of failure. It is more natural for man to seek the cause of failure, than to search for the cause of success, because in the former case selfishness, if nothing better, compels us to desire an abundant harvest; while in the latter case abundance induces content and a desire "to leave well enough alone." Since, however, no perfection can be reached in any sense in this world, we should ever try to attain to greater success in the interests of God and the cultivation of His vineyard. Perfection is God's standard, and it is such that over calls for upward efforts and continual improvement.

#### Weekly Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi. 24.

There is no mistake, the statement is very clearly made by Jesus Himself, that to follow Him, we must take up OUR cross. Can you truly sing—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be?"

MONDAY.—"In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, not as poor, yet making many rich as having nothing, yet possessing all things."—1 Cor. vi. 4 and 10.

By relinquishing the hopes and wealth of this world, we make ourselves possessors of eternal riches, which cannot be taken from us and are inexhaustible.

Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.

TUESDAY.—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, FALSELY, for My sake."—Matt. v. 11.

To suffer FOR Christ's sake is to be counted LIKE Him; what greater honor can we desire?

Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not like them, untrue.

WEDNESDAY.—"Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant."—Ps. cxix. 135.

To see God's face is indeed the evidence of His pleasure with us and lights up our pathway clearly and distinctly. There can be no erring where His face is beheld.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Faes may hate, and friends may shun  
me.  
Show Thy face and all is bright.

THURSDAY.—"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—St. John xvi. 33.

Blessed thought, that in God our peace is secure. The trials of this world are but purifying us for our

eternal dwelling. We suffer for a little while to gain everlasting joys.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
"Twilt not drive me to Thy breast,  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweetest rest.

FRIDAY.—"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."—Heb. xi. 24, 25.

There is no power given to suffering to harm the trusting soul, neither is there true joy in the pleasures of the world, if they are to be indulged in without Christ's company.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to charm me,  
While Thy love is left in me;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy mingled with Thee.

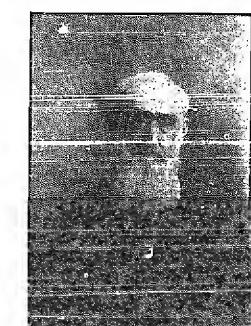
SATURDAY.—"And He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him."—Matt. iv. 19, 20.

To follow Jesus, we must follow closely, obey His commands implicitly, make no reservation, and leave the consequences with Him. Only on these conditions will our discipleship prove successful.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,  
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;  
And though all men should forsake  
Thee,  
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

#### Our Soldiers' Witness-Box.

I came to this city nearly two years ago, and was then a member and minister of the Society of Friends (Quaker Church). I came here to live

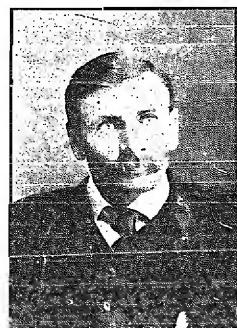


Brother Wm. P. Harvey,  
Oil Valley City, N.D., a War Cry brother  
and collector of 72 years of age. Collected  
\$10.00 for Self-Denial, and is in for his share in  
Harvest Festival Collecting.

for an unlimited time with my son (Prof. Harvey). Although finding none of my people here, I found something which seemed more like home than any other place, with the Blood-and-Fire, Holy Ghost, General Booth, George Fox, Salvation people. After a time I was enrolled under the dear old Army Flag, which I love to carry as part of the service, when well enough to be duty. I love to read the War Cry—most always rend it through before offering it for sale, that I may be able to say something of its contents. I think I can say I like the business of selling them, as a "body exercise," when the times are not too hard, but after the age of 72 so much exercise is not needed as at 40 or 50. However, I still like to talk on the street corners to sinners, be the number small or great. Yours faithfully in the war, Wm. P. Harvey.

Bro. Fred. Burger, Billings, Mont.

Our comrade was born in Germany. At the age of three years he came, with his people, to the United States, settling in the State of Wisconsin. As he grew up, the sinful nature within man itself manifested, and like many other young men, he soon commenced to revel in sin's ways. He got tired of home and left his parents to come to the "Wild West," only to go deeper into sin of all kinds, except murder,



Bro. Fred. Burger, Billings, Mont.

He was a slave to many habits, especially to tobacco chewing. One dollar's worth would last him a week only. On the night that he first visited the Army he had planned with a comrade to commit an assault upon another man. He said in his comrades, "We will first go to the Army hall until it gets darker to carry out our plan."

Praise God, that threat was never carried out. That visit to the hall changed things completely. After leaving the hall he had no desire to carry out his evil design. Although he did not get saved that night, yet the Spirit of God commanded to work on his sinful heart, and ere long he was found at the Cross.

It is now going on three years that he has been kept by the power of God. The desire for tobacco has been taken away completely. He can be found nightly at the past telling of a Christ that has delivered him from the thralldom of sin.—Alt. M. Ayre.

#### What a Soldier Should Know

##### The Soldier's Family.

A corps is a sort of family bound together, in order the more effectually to help, comfort, and strengthen each other amid the difficulties of life and the trials of the fight, and in order the more efficiently to carry on the war.

Every member of a corps will, in consequence, receive certain advantages from his union with it, and it is only fair, therefore, that he should render back to it all the service that he may be capable of giving, in order that he may take his full share in the conflict.

##### A Soldier's Duty as a Member.

In order to do this, he must attend to the following duties, and improve to the utmost in the discharge of them.

He must, as far as he has opportunity, regularly attend all the meetings of his corps, conscientiously devoting to the interests of the war all the time that he can command after the just claims of his family, his business, and his health have been attended to.

Amongst the meetings that it is most important that he should attend for his own soul's health are: Kneekrill, soldiers' meeting, and the belliness meeting.

##### Be Punctual.

In such attendances he should be punctual. If possible he should reach the open-air meeting or the barracks a minute or two before the meeting commences. An early attendance encourages the leader and all who are present at the beginning of the meeting, blesses the soldier who practices it, and preaches the importance of the service to all round.

To come crawling up to a meeting to ten, or fifteen minutes late, when it was possible to have been there in time, pours contempt upon the meeting, and seems to say to everyone round about, "I don't count the matter as of much importance."

##### Be Faithful in Small Things.

The Salvatorian Soldier will attach importance to all the small duties that devolve upon him. A man who begins by paying special attention to little things in connection with his work will be almost certain to attach due importance to those that are of greater weight. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

##### Why a Soldier Should Wear Uniform.

As soon as possible he should commence wearing uniform. The advantages of uniform are numerous and of considerable importance.

Uniform is the easiest method of openly avowing yourself as a follower of Jesus Christ and as belonging to His people. It will save him from much temptation. Knowing that he is a Salvatorian, people around him will not expect him to join with them in vice, godlessness, licentiousness, and worldly. It will furnish him with countless opportunities of proclaiming salvation, expounding the work of the Army, and speaking to men about their souls, seeing that those whom he meets in trains, trams, and elsewhere, will not only expect him to speak to them, but will often communicate by speaking to him themselves. It will save him from inducements to conform to the fashions of the world. Instead of following its fashion, he will set the fashion for it. It will be economical, especially for the women, and will be a sign by which his comrades will recognize him as belonging to the Army, wherever they meet him.

##### A Constant Preacher.

Uniform will itself preach. The uniform is a banner itself. It makes people think about God and godliness. If it is right to preach salvation with the tongue, as most Christian people will admit—it must be right to preach it by the clothes. If it is right to do this in a church, or chapel, or barracks, it must be right to do it in the streets, workshops, or anywhere else. Jesus Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Salvatorian in uniform goes out into all that world in which he lives, and preaches salvation by his dress to everyone who sees him.

Soldiers should, if possible, wear some ribbon, or badge, or other sign of soldierhood, when of their daily employment.

##### What is Full Uniform.

No male soldier can be considered in full uniform unless he has on at least a red garrison, an Army cap with a red band, and brass S's on the collar of his coat or jacket; and every female soldier, in full uniform, must wear at least a Union Jack bonnet, with a red band around the brim, and a dark blue dress of serge in some similar material, cut as plumply as possible.

#### Shouldering the Blame.

Heredity is a mean refuge. A man who is old enough and sane enough to realize the consequences of his deeds, and to be responsible for them, ought to take the blame of his misdemeanors. To say that he inherits a craving for alcohol or vice, and therefore must indulge in it, is a babyish way of shifting the responsibility. He who does evil deliberately and intentionally does it by his own will, and not by inheritance. This will be more difficult for him to overcome, certain tendencies because of heredity may be admitted without conceding the point that one is under all the greater obligation to strive to overcome them. He who plods his faulty upbringing as a reason for continuing uncompletely in his faults has yet to learn what manhood means and manliness strives for.

A light head, makes an easy running tongue.

Men always begin to differ when they begin to think.

## BE IN EARNEST.

By STAFF-CAPT. MRS. STANYON.

*"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."*—James v., 17, 18.



E read the above verses thrilled with wonder at the marvelous possibilities of man, the wondrous heights that he can attain to, and the mighty effects which he can accomplish.

It is a short, but truly sublime, record of man's power. In the light of it we review our past, tiding our faces and humiliating ourselves in the dust, as memory stings us with the poor, half-hearted efforts with which we have dwelt with our most glorious opportunities.

Elijah was no angel—in perfect human—he great model saint, but A MAN. And he who was subject to like passions as we are now. We see this as we follow him from scene to scene, from danger to danger, from test to test. The zeal of the wicked quelled him; his almost superhuman courage deserted him; his physical strength failed him. Upon one occasion he was tempted to think his work was finished—his course was run—his limitations reached; and the depression of his spirit was such that he entreated Jehovah to take his life. But whilst in the dark depths of despondency he was touched by a gleam of his Master's tenderness; inspired by words of Divine promise and invigorated by refreshing sleep and food, he turned his face again unto God—struck the soul of the man was stirred to its depths, and he withdrew to a place of seclusion AND PRAYED EARNESTLY.

A sight worthy of the gaze of three worlds! It is a man in touch with God—a man whose heart is filled with one mighty purpose—a man who is resolved that Divine attention shall be arrested, and that his prayer shall be answered—a man who is seeking above God's glory, and seeking it EARNESTLY.

He could not have prayed otherwise, because he WAS earnest! This was one of the finest points of his character, and it revealed itself in deportment, look, speech, and action. It appeared in him as a man and a prophet, THIS EARNESTNESS. Does that spirit mark us? Is it one of the intuitions that belongs to the character? Does that fire accompany it? Does that fire accompany IT? IT looks OUTWARD, OUTWARD, IF NOT, we are very poor representatives of our Lord! We may be painfully conscious of our lack of educational privileges, or fluency of speech, or the ability to successfully appeal to man's reason. We may lack, I say, all these powers, which are of infinite value in our great soul-saving services; but even without these, and with the fire of earnestness possessing our hearts, we shall succeed in convincing men that our message is urgent and our work is immortal.

But this is not intended to be a sketch of my journeys and doings; we will turn our attention TO THE MAN HIMSELF; the example of his life of power, and the secret of his glorious success is revealed in one eloquent eloquent sentence in the above verse, "He prayed earnestly."

Elijah was a Praying Man!

Wonders have been wrought by strength, ability, genius, and schemes, but none can compare with the wonders wrought by the power of prayer. It is the hand which blinds man to his Maker, the channel through which his demands may speed to the Courts above, the ladder by which he can touch the heart of God Himself, the power by which he can command the hosts of Heaven and by which he can testify to the devils of Hell.

Prayer—what has it not accomplished? It has averted calamities, delivered nations, started revivals which have turned whole countries to the true God, and achieved ten thousand other successes which have been written in ineffaceable letters upon the scrolls of Time.

Elijah knew his power; he had tested previous occasions His boundless capacities may now be determined to prove it again, a desperate evil requiring a desperate remedy. A wicked king having an idolatrous inclination in meeting the God of Israel. The fiery prophet, whose soul was ablaze with zeal for his Lord, and concluded that no human power could prevail with the evil-doers, RESOLVED TO PRAY. Elijah knew just "man's extremity is God's opportunity," hence he threw himself upon his face AND PRAYED.

Oh, that we had done the same when confronted with some of our problems and difficulties! But instead, have we not oftentimes planned and schemed, turning to the right and to the left, seeking counsel of friends and comrades, trying to sooth and comfort them without the aid of the Divine?

We have done everything and invented every means but the most effectual, and then have wondered that God has seemed to leave us alone. Our attitude has been too self-reliant, and instead of coming through hearing the palm of triumph, we have been humiliated and ignominiously defeated.

Elijah's Prayer was Earnest.

He yearned for Israel to acknowledge Jehovah to be the only true and living God. He desired that they should leave their idols, cease from their wickedness, and remember the past, which was filled with tokens of His love and long-suffering towards them as a nation. He longed that they should return in penitence, and begin again to serve the God of their fathers.

He had stood before them as a man and had dared to plead alone his Master's cause; as a prophet, fearlessly declared the teachings of Omnipotence; as a conqueror, driving their hosts to flight and their prophet to death. But all this failed to bring about the desired end, and the great soul of the man was stirred to its depths, and he withdrew to a place of seclusion AND PRAYED EARNESTLY.

A sight worthy of the gaze of three worlds! It is a man in touch with God—a man whose heart is filled with one mighty purpose—a man who is resolved that Divine attention shall be arrested, and that his prayer shall be answered—a man who is seeking above God's glory, and seeking it EARNESTLY.

He could not have prayed otherwise, because he WAS earnest! This was one of the finest points of his character, and it revealed itself in deportment, look, speech, and action. It appeared in him as a man and a prophet, THIS EARNESTNESS. Does that spirit mark us? Is it one of the intuitions that belongs to the character? Does that fire accompany it? Does that fire accompany IT? IT looks OUTWARD, OUTWARD, IF NOT, we are very poor representatives of our Lord!

We may be painfully conscious of our lack of educational privileges, or fluency of speech, or the ability to successfully appeal to man's reason. We may lack, I say, all these powers, which are of infinite value in our great soul-saving services; but even without these, and with the fire of earnestness possessing our hearts, we shall succeed in convincing men that our message is urgent and our work is immortal.

Elijah's Prayer was Effectual.

He was assured of this; no ugly doubt as to His acceptance blighted, or fear as to the consequence prevented the outpouring of his soul. These restraining insults which have so often accounted for the failure of our petitions, held him not. Elijah knew the object at which he aimed, knew well the purpose of its attainment, knew the God to Whom he appealed, and also knew the heart from which poured his prayer; and with feet resting upon the surety of promise, and with spirit intensely seeking Jehovah's glory, he stretched out his hands of faith and bolted the very windows of heaven,

forbidding them to drop their waters for the space of three years. AND HIS PRAYER PREVAILED. The sun was dimmed, the stars were hidden, the earth was shrouded in darkness. No dew, but drought and death in Allah's realm through these long years. Then again the prophet prayed, and with the same importunity as before, he reached the skies and drew back the bolts and opened the wholows, "and the heavens gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit."

We read with wonder this story of man's power, of his influence with heaven and earth, and we exclaim, "Elijah, truly thy earnestness and faith have exalted thee to the seats of the mighty, and made thee to stand amongst earth's greatest."

Inefably we turn our gaze from this inspiring record and read our OWN, blushing with shame at the accomplishment of our poor efforts; for it is not of God the aid. What Elijah served? And his noble mission to stand before the wicked and turn them from their wickedness and lead them to our King? Is not heaven influenced and moved by the same importunate pleading to-day? Are not the same reservoirs of help at our disposal as in the days of Elijah? Then why such small achievements wrought by prayer mark our services? Why so puny and small when appropriating God's promises, we should be spiritual giants and terrors to evildoers? Why? Why? In the word we read, "They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Let us be honest and confess the fault is our own, and our own entirely. We will stand at the bar of our own conscience and plead "Guilt." We will cry out to the God of the heavens for pardon, and in the strength of our Christ promise that no experience in the past shall not be repeated in the future. Shall we? Yes, together we will; and here and now.

We cannot all be Elijahs, it is true, but as Divinely-commisioned messengers, harnessed by Calvary's spirit, and touched by Calvary's passion, we will be men and women in whose bones the fire of earnestness burns, and who are known as zealous, believing, and effectual workers who prevail with man because we prevail with God.

Some Doings in Quebec.

BY ENSIGN JOE PARKER.

You have doubtless heard of the warm-hearted Irish, the hearty kindness of the Scotch, the every-man-like-ism of the Yankee, the good fare of the English, and the zealous hospitality of the French, but, sir, when these are all combined they make a mixture almost indescribable. And this beautiful mixture is just one of my comedies, and myself have been wretchedly engaged with for the last few days. Over and over I have heard comedies exclaim, "Isn't it beautiful?" "How could people be kinder?" and such-like expressions.

—♦—

In company with Capt. Grose, I left Quebec, bound for Inverness, for three days' meetings, which had been carefully arranged by the kindness of Mr. Lambly, who is a warm friend of the Salvation Army, and to whose fearless efforts in the temporal cause much credit is due for the fact that Inverness is one of the few villages in our Dominion whose fairness is not besmirched by the open saloon. May God bless him and his associates in the noble cause. Heaven alone will reward the good accomplished by such men.

—♦—

Getting off the train at St. John's, we were greeted by the smiling face of Mr. Miller, who conveyed us over the 12 miles of road to his home, where we were literally at home during the time of our stay. The welcome of Mrs. Miller, and five hearty boys and little three-year-old Stella, would make anyone feel at home. The latter enquired seriously of the writer if he had false teeth, and volunteered the information that she was going to get some.

—♦—

Ten at Mr. McDonald's, who is a real genius in the invention of gales

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ANNUAL  
Officers' Councils  
AND  
EIGHTEENTH  
ANNIVERSARY  
CELEBRATIONS  
WILL BE HELD IN  
TORONTO,  
Oct. 27 to Nov. 2, 1900.

that can be opened without getting out of your carriage, and closed again in the same way. Now, I'm not noticing, but this ebony Seat has got the best thing yet. May he at last have an Oshawa residence through the pearly gates. Miss McDonald tidily assisted with music in our meetings, which was a great help, in company with Capt. Gross's violin.

Evening Meeting in the Methodist Church, when yours truly delivered a lecture on the S. A., which appeared to be appreciated by the audience. Of course, to report this, I am in the rather uncomfortable position of having to "blow my own horn." All the meetings were fairly well attended, considering the fact that they had been postponed from the week before, and the people had been disappointed. A number spoke of blessings received through them, and at least one soul was led to trust the pardoning mercy of God as we conversed with them about the fullness of salvation.

One beautiful story came to my ears, the subject of which says my visit a year ago had partly led to sorrows thought about God. A lad was out cutting wood one day when, laying down the axe, he went into the house and enquired of his mother if she thought one could find Christ at the wood pile. On being assured that he could he exclaimed, with his eyes closed, "Then I have found Jesus." And as I conversed with him he gave the fullest evidence that he had indeed found the Saviour. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

But time fails to tell it all. A few general visits, invitations to come again. Miss McDonald strikes a chord on the organ, "God be with you till we meet again," rings out, and the happy days come to a close. We hurry to the train, 11 miles away. Good-bye, friends! A thousand thanks.

—♦—

Hatt! One thing worthy of note I forgot. Only an old Irish exhibited boy, my friend, Mr. McDonald, but boy, it made them think highly of our religion. He had been in the Battle of Waterloo. A flying form seemed to leap out of the far past, a warrior in that fierce shock of battle, bounding forward, clutching swords, groans of the dying, shouts of victory about him. But 'tis over, he is gone—a human soul gone into eternity. Eternity! Where? Was he a good man or a bad man? O God, how short life is! Prepare me, Lord, to stand before Thy throne.

—♦—

Sherbrooke and the Exhibition. Capt. McNancy had wisely planned a three days' campaign, and sent invitations to many comrades to come and assist. "Oh, please, please!" cried the French Adjutant excitedly, as she reached the station at Montreal and saw her train moving out. A gentleman understood, and snatching her valise helped her to make a dash for the moving train. So it came to pass that she arrived safely in Sherbrooke. So the Adj't, Robert, French, music by Capt. Dowey, Jones, McNancy, and Bro. Roditt (the Hallelujah Methodist), solos and solo voices also ditto from Capt. Owens and his band, and performances on the gramaphone provided by Bro. Wilson, you can depend upon it we had an interesting time.

(To be concluded.)

## THE WAR CRY.

### GAZETTE.

#### PROMOTIONS—

Lient. Newell to be Captain at Penbrook.

Cadet A. Skinner, Bay Roberts Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Hunt's Harbor.

Cadet M. House, St. John's Women's Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Burntwood.

Cadet Oxenbider, Rat Portage Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Minnedosa.

Cadet Miron, Rat Portage Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Rat Portage.

#### MARRIAGE—

Capt. W. G. White, who came out of Winnipeg, to Capt. Minnie Craig, who came out of Toronto III., on Sept. 3rd, 1900, at Riverside, Toronto, by Brigadier Gaskin.

**EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,**  
Field Commissioner.



PRINTED FOR EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada. New York, Brooklyn, the North-Western States, Alaska, and Alaska-Japan. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto. \*\*\*  
All contributions referred to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All contributions on paper referring to subscriptions, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRUSTEE, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario. Contributions should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

#### The Great Need.

There is always a need of officers in the Army. Our work is ever capable of extension, and the wear and tear of a progressive Army must be naturally replaced. Death, sickness, and other causes depopulate our ranks; hence our constant need of officers. But especially pressing is the need of officers for our Women's Social work. Our opportunities in that branch of our work are greater than we can cope with. Whole-hearted, self-sacrificing service is required of our Revenue Officers, even more than any others, and these officers have not been wanting in it; but our limited number has made their share greater, which has meant illness in many cases. We want godly, consecrated women to offer their services and throw in their lives with this Christ-like work. The harvest is great, but we lack harversters. Should you not be one of them?

#### Personal.

The Commissioner's health is improving, although she is not very rapidly gaining strength.

Lient. Colonel Mrs. Rend is again at her post and attending to office duties.

Mrs. Major Horn is very slowly recovering; although out of danger, she is unable to stand my fatigue.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald has successfully undergone surgical treatment, and is progressing satisfactorily.

Major Smeaton has returned from Newfoundland. He states that the prospects on the Island were never brighter. The day schools are making splendid progress, there being nearly 200 scholars attending the S. A. school in St. John's. The Winter season has just commenced, and we may therefore expect further advancement in this connection.

We regret to learn that there is little or no improvement in the health of Mrs. Gage. The Staff-Captain has been compelled to take twelve months' leave of absence, hoping that the change will materially benefit his dear wife, who has for some months been very low. Both the Staff-Captain and his wife may be assured of the prayers and sympathy of their comrades.

Adj't. Kenway, just from Newfoundland, called on us the other day. For some time the Adj'tant's ill health has been a great problem. It is hoped that the present change, and a few weeks' furlough, will bring about his permanent recovery.

Major Collier remained at Lisgar St. on Sunday. He reports a magnificent day, with two souls for salvation. Things are booming at Lisgar Street.

The Commissioner visits St. John, N.B., in November, and will conduct some large public gatherings and Officers' Councils.

The meetings held at Yorkville on Sunday last were conducted by Adj't. Frank Morris. The Adj'tant succeeded in making things very interesting. A woman sought the salvation of her soul in the night meeting.

Bro. Helm, a soldier of Dawson, has just sold his claim, located at Cape Nome, for the sum of \$10,000. The dangerous trip to Nome was taken in the Spring, guided again by the advice of our Dawson officers; but God preserved our comrade's life, and we are delighted with his success.

Miss Booth's Meetings.

If you are within reach, don't miss the series of meetings, which the Commissioner will conduct in October, in the Pavilion on two Sunday afternoons, concluding by a great climax in the Massey Hall on the last Sunday of this month. The subjects are attractive in themselves, but there will be a number of additional attractions in connection with the Massey Hall meeting, which will make the same a fit rival of "Miss Booth in Rags."

Mrs. Dowdle.

Mrs. Commissioner Dowdle writes to our Commissioner:

"The Lord has been very precious to me in this hour of need, and I have been enabled to say, 'Thy will be done,' from my heart. The dear Commissioner had been very ill for the last six months, and I saw that he was sinking, but I did not expect his end was so near; but the Lord, however, knew what was best, and did accordingly."

"You will have seen a full account of the funeral and memorial services in the Cry, and I believe that they have been made a means of great blessing, and many souls have been saved as a result."

"We buried the Commissioner in his full uniform, and I expect to be buried in uniform, day, month, or year."

"I would very much like you to thank the dear comrades who have written such nice sympathetic letters to me through your Cry. I prize their love and prayers very much!"

—Cast Thy Bread Upon the Water.

Last Sunday week a man who was on a spree went into a saloon in this city, and picking up a War Cry that lay on the table started reading the article on the front page. The title was "RETRIBUTION." When we came in from the open air he was in the shelter of misery, and tears. We had the joy of pointing him to Christ, and of knowing that a wanderer had returned. I thought this might encourage the writer of the article, and perhaps cheer the Editor's heart a little. Extract from a letter from Adj't. Burr, Dawson City.

The Latest Miss May.

Adj't. May, of New Westminster, B.C., writes: "A little daughter arrived in our home on Friday, Sept. 11th, and has already favored us with several soaks, peculiar to her size and size. Mother and babe are progressing nicely."

### S. A. RELIEF EXPEDITION TO GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Commander Booth-Tucker, who is ever ready to give aid and relief when emergencies call for it, has, with characteristic promptness, despatched 12 officers to Galveston. The party was received by the Mayor, who most warmly spoke of the energetic work of the Salvationists already on the ground. A large tent has been pitched and up to the present 3,000 persons have been attended to. Millions supplies have been despatched with the trained nurses of the party. Tents, provisions, and other necessities will be sent on from various centres. The funnelled appeals have been well responded to by the people. A meeting held in the Carnegie Hall was attended by representatives of the various religious bodies, and proved a great success, an evidence of common sympathy in the case of a great disaster. This meeting is more fully reported on page 2.

church occupied by Russian troops.—Everything points to a prolonged and difficult struggle yet to come in the far East.

#### NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men are now out in connection with the coal strike in Pennsylvania.—The collapse of a church wall at Vanhook Hill, Ont., resulted in the loss of the pastor and two workmen and leaving two others. The Neelbank bank was robbed at noon by three men on horses; they got away safely with the booty.—Five hundred Canadians of the First South African Contingent, will return immediately.—Colonel Oster, with three hundred others, will remain for some time to come.—Two persons were killed and several wounded by deputy sheriffs at Shenandoah, who fired on a mob of striking miners.—Four negroes were lynched by a Lomion mob.

#### INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

It is announced that Australia will adopt Penny Postage with the New Year.—New Zealand is seeking to join the federation of the Australian Colonies.—The French army maneuvers were taken part in by approximately seven thousand men and twenty thousand horses.—The rains in India have been continuing for some time, and it is believed that the cotton crop of the Sindh district will be excellent.—The German Socialist Congress have adopted resolutions in favor of Free Trade and Government ownership of Railroads.—The International Socialists' Congress is meeting in Paris.

## Coming Events.

### COLONEL JACOBS

(Chief Secretary)

and

### BRIGADIER GASKIN

will conduct Special Meetings at HURON ST. (Old No. 1), Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7, 8.

### THE CENTRAL ONTARIO SONGSTERS

will visit

Newmarket, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 3, 4.  
Holland Landing, Friday, Oct. 5.  
Bordentown, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.  
St. Catharines, Monday, Oct. 8.  
Roseton, Tuesday, Oct. 9.  
Staynor, Wednesday, Oct. 10.  
Collingwood, Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 11, 12.

### MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Barrie, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.

### T. F. S. Appointments.

#### ENSIGN BURROWS.

Sergeant Calls, Sat. Sun., and Mon., Oct. 6, 7, 8.  
North Bay, Tuesday, Oct. 9.  
Huntsville, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 10, 11.  
Brinebridge, Fri. Sat. Sun., and Mon., Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15.  
Gatineau, Tuesday, Oct. 16.  
Drilla, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 17, 18.

#### ENSIGN PERRY.

Medicinal Hall, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.  
Edmonton, Mon. and Tues., Oct. 8, 9.  
Calgary, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 10, 11.  
Calgary, Friday, Oct. 12.  
Lethbridge, Sat. Sun., and Mon., Oct. 13, 14, 15.  
Mon. Juv. Wednesday, Oct. 17.

OFFICERS. ATTENTION!—If you do not wish to sleep on the sidewalk, with a docket for a pillow, at the 13th Anniversary, make application for your billet immediately to Major Turner, Salvation Temple, Toronto.



September 25th, 1900.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

The British troops have reached Komatipoort, on the Portuguese boundary, which now places the entire Netherland Railway under British control. Large bodies of Boers have crossed into Portuguese territory, where they have been disarmed.—Lord Roberts is expected to leave South Africa very shortly. He has issued a proclamation that all Boers who at once surrender shall not be transported, and shall be allowed to retain their stock.—Mirrored troops of Boers are believed still to be large in strength, parts of the can quelled Station. The Boers have exploded most of the big guns, but large quantities of ammunition, as well as great herds of cattle and sheep, have fallen into the hands of the British.—President Kruger has accepted the offer of Holland to convey him to Europe in a Dutch warship. Mrs. Kruger will accompany him.—Steyn and Rietz have decided to remain with the remnant of the Boer army. It is rumored that there is still a complete force of from seven to twelve thousand men in arms.—Commandant Erasmus, with five hundred men and three guns, made an attack upon Bloemfontein, but was repulsed by the British Garrison.

—

#### CHINA.

Peace negotiations between China and the Allied Powers have not made any substantial progress beyond the fact that Prince Ching and Earl Li Hung Chang seem now to be recognized universally as the sole authorized plenipotentiaries for China.—Prince Ching is noted for his friendliness with foreigners. He has expressed his wish to begin the negotiations at once.—Li Hung Chang has given orders for all Boxers in arms to be arrested or killed, resulting in the killing and dispersing of large bodies of Boxers. He also decapitated publicly a number of the Boxer leaders.—No united course of action has yet been agreed upon by the Powers.—Field Marshal Von Waldersee, Commander in Chief of the International Forces in China, has arrived at Hong Kong and proceeded via Takao to Pekin.—Atrocities are reported to be committed by the Russian troops in Manchuria, killing defenceless Chinese men, women, and children, without discrimination.—The combined force of Germans, Austrians, and Russians occupied the port of Peking after a severe bombardment. It appears that the greatest number of Chinese are now safely by boats in the river.—It is reported that Prince Tung, the influential Boxer leader, is still active and is in favor with the Dowager Empress. It is also announced that Russia has definitely annexed all those portions of Man-

## THE WAR CRY.

### The Chief Secretary AT LONDON.

Glorious Day of Salvation and Blessing—  
Genuine Cases of Conversion—Men and  
Wife Become Reconciled—A Would-be Suicide Gets Converted.

The long-looked-for visit of our beloved Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, has at last been realized. The Colonel comes to us with a bursting, passionate desire to be a real blessing, and to bring lasting benefit to us all, and without a doubt God enabled him to fully accomplish what his heart was set upon.

Saturday night, at 7:30 the Chief Secretary, accompanied by Major McMillan and Staff-Capt. Phillips, met with us at the Market, London Market is always a busy place, but especially so at "peach and pear" time. In one corner a man was bawling shouting out, "The best peaches on the market," another "The best pears and grapes," and still another with an excellent medicine that cures all diseases, while a goodly number of Salvationists were proclaiming salvation from sin to the large crowd around. In the midst of it all, the rain descended, the wind blew, the crowd scattered, and we were glad to seek refuge in the Citadel. The Colonel thought he sorely needed an introduction to the London people, seeing he had become so well acquainted on previous visits; however, he was introduced by the P. O., whereupon he styled himself the tony girl from the boarding school, who had learned such good manners that she even needed an introduction to her own mother, when she came home, before she could speak to her. Then he went straight for the unskilled and shamer, taking a beautiful lesson for backsliders.

#### A Good Beginning.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cold, but the Sunday one would appreciate good hot, steaming salvation meetings, and we had them. The subject for the holiness meeting was on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The large crowd present sat spell-bound as the fiery words of truth were uttered by the Colonel. In his own forcible, pointed, practical way. So interesting was the address that we could have listened for another two hours. As an officer remarked, "The Colonel can stretch a subject to its utmost capacity." Three penitent souls made a full surrender.

The afternoon meeting was held inside after a rousing open-air. There was a nice crowd in attendance. The Colonel spoke with great force and liberty, and one backslayer knelt at the Cross for pardon. Her husband, whom she had been separated from, came and put his arms around her and a reconciliation meeting took place there and then.

#### The Best at the Finish.

The best wine was brought out of the last, and the power of God was made manifest. In a night meeting like no other, The Colonel had a meeting with the band at 6 o'clock. We had a large crowd in the open-air, and returned to find the Citadel filled with an eager expectant crowd. The band boys sang altogether, "Just as I am," which seemed to touch the right spot in every heart. In a masterly manner the Colonel took hold of the hearts of the people. Oh, what revelations! The present-day sins of the people were brought before them, and into the deepest recesses of many hearts the truth penetrated. The Colonel is a thorough believer in the prayer meetings, and took hold of each one with earnestness, zeal, and energy rarely equalled, going straight for souls, urging them to an immediate decision, insisting that no soul should leave the building without even hesitate entry, he brought to bear upon them. The best to come was a volunteer—a poor, scrofulous soul, who was on his way to commit suicide; a man and wife started for the Kingdom together; a poor girl, who thought

there was no hope for her, came and proved that, "whosoever will may come"; and altogether six灵魂 were converted that day. The finances were excellent, and we are already hungering and thirsting for just such another day of blessing and victory. Came to London again soon, Colonel, our hearts are always open to receive you.—Red Riding Hood.

### LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS IN THE EAST.

The East has been favored with a visit from the Territorial Secretary, FREDERICKTON was the first battleground. The Colonel was joined here by the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Rawlings. The meetings throughout were of a very interesting and helpful character, and after hard fighting, three souls were brought to the Saviour's feet.

ST. JOHN was visited on Monday. The Annual Exposition opened on 1st day, but this did not hinder a big crowd of Salvationists thronging out to give the Colonel an enthusiastic reception. The procession was enlivened

with a searching Bible talk. The Spirit mightily helped him, and as we knelt down, souls began to come, weeping over inconsistencies and failings. One sister asked for deliverance from her pride, the wearing of the bonnet was a difficulty; she got the victory, and a sympathetic sister loaned her bonnet, so that she could put her vows into practice right away. Nine souls sought deliverance in this meeting. We closed at 11:35 p.m. with a salvation war dance.

Next night was spent at St. John 111. A good crowd turned up, and after the Hand-Bell Ringers, who had come to assist, had given a selection, the Colonel treated us again to some of his inspiring talks. We finished with two hours' singing, parting making do最好 for the visit. We all felt much disappointed when urgent business called him away to Toronto.

We are looking forward to a return visit soon. God bless the Colonel; long may he live to be a blessing to the soldiers and slimmers of Canada.

### UNITED STATES.

A most interesting item comes from Columbus. The P. O. in charge has arranged a new thing under the Salvation Army sun, and arranged it in



STREET OF TOKIO, JAPAN.  
Tokio is the present capital of Japan, and has a population of one million and a half.

by the varied costumes of the soldiers taking part, brass music, hearty singing, and the colored fire, which caused quite a sensation. The result was a full hall. After the usual preliminaries, Major Plecking (Provost Officer) welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the Province. Adjs. McNamara and Byers on behalf of the city corps, and then at the invitation of the P. O., the huge crowd shunted, clapped, and waved their welcomes. After this tornado of welcome sheets ceased, the Colonel responded in a rattling speech, "Standards" was his theme, and Salvationists especially received some soul-inspiring advice; the sterner was not forgotten. After a well-fought prayer meeting three souls sought mercy of the patient form.

Tuesday night the Colonel conducted a memorial service for the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, formerly a Lucia Officer in this corps. The Colonel's address made a profound impression, and as he eloquently spoke of the beautiful life and triumphant death of our now glorified sister, many were in tears. At the close one soul cried for pardon.

On Wednesday we had a half-hour of prayer. In spite of the stormy night a nice crowd turned up, and from the first it was evident that they had come for a soul-feast. The P. O. talked of the essentials of a "Good Soldier," and then we were treated to a solo from the Colonel, followed up

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Indian Famine Subscription List, in the English War Cry, amounts to £13,584.13s.

The General is at present conducting a great campaign in the North of England. Enormous crowds attended the meetings at Hartlepool, and were swayed as if by magnetism, by the General's powerful addresses. Seventy-eight souls knelt at the Morey Seat.

Brigadier Halpin, who is on furlough, attended the above meetings, and was much impressed by the General's straightforwardness.

Commissioner Coombs accompanies the General on his present tour.

Brigadier Goo. Mitchell, in addition to his present responsibilities as head of the L. H. Q. Property Department, has been appointed first Secretary to the Chancellor.

The sons of Commissioner Coombs and Major Bangs have just received promotion to the rank of Captain.

Lieut.-Colonel Bates has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Adjt. Page's arrival in London is this week chronicled by the British Spy.

Adjt. Mary Murray, of the Naval and Military League, who has had charge of our work among the lads at the front in Natal, has sailed for England in the "Tintagel Castle," which is expected to arrive on the 11th. The Adj'tant will doubtless have an interesting story to relate, in addition to that already recorded in her letters to the War Cry.

Major Slater has returned from his enforced rest somewhat better in health. He was present at the Chelmsford Camp for Lads, and later at the General's Clapton Staff Council, but immediately after was ordered away again by the doctor, who insisted on his taking a further prolonged rest.

Candidates' Boxes will shortly be exhibited at various centres in London.

The Congress Hall, Clapton, is undergoing such alterations and repairs as are likely to smarten up the whole affair.

One of the London chin corps has recently had three married couples converted and made into chin soldiers.

There are seven hundred officers with staff rank commanding corps in the British Field.

The Greek Theatre is no more. We were afraid that, on our vacating it, the present rage for theatres would bring back the premises to their original and disgraceful character. But, thank God, no! The entire building has been razed, and we understand that a new police station is to be built on the site. If the Salvation Army had done nothing else, this glorious distinction must diminish their reputation of the worst classes, and would have earned the goodwill of every tax-payer. The removal of the old Greek is a social and sanitary blessing.

### GERMANY.

The proceeds of the Harvest Festival in Germany are to be drawn upon in the opening up of Prison-Gate work in Berlin. Our comrades hope to be able to open a Home for discharged prisoners before long.

### JAPAN.

The First Reserve Home is being opened in Japan.

## BRIGADIER GASKIN

AND THE

Territorial Staff Band at Lippincott St.



**H**EATENING sides overheard, a strong cold wind blowing from the north; a party of red-coated Salvationists with a number of officers and soldiers in blue at front and rear marching down the streets. Boom goes the big drum, and the harmonious strains of "Abide with me" fall upon the ears of the passers-by. The people rush to their windows to see what it means. It is the Staff Band and a portion of the Lippincott corps marching to their morning open-air meeting. After a short stand they return to the barracks, where a fair crowd is gathered for the holiness meeting. Songs, prayers, testimonies, and Brigadier Gaskin's Bible reading go to make up an interesting and profitable meeting, which we believe was a blessing to all.

A march to the park in the afternoon was followed by a stirring salvation meeting, which was listened to by a very good crowd, considering the unfavorable aspect of the weather. Sergt.-Major Steele acted as weather prophet, and informed us that in his address that the wind was too high for rain. His prognostications proved correct. The program included a few selections by the band, singing by the Male Quartette, and short addresses by Adj't Morris and Adj't Attwell, while Major Collier did good work in ringing for the collection. Brigadier Gaskin after successfully piloting the meeting through, finished up with a practical talk, after which we went to different ways to meet again at the corner of College and Spadina at 6:15.

At the evening open-air there was a good turn-out of soldiers, and many, both church-goers and non-church-goers, stood to listen to the songs and testimonies which came from the lips and hearts of those composing the ring. At 7 o'clock we marched in the barracks, where a large crowd had already gathered. The opening song, "Oh happy day, that fixed my choice," to the tune of "Dear Jesus is the One I love," was heartily sung. Two or three short addresses from the visiting elders, interspersed by a selection by the band, and a song by the Male Quartette, were followed by a stirring, impressive address by the Brigadier. The truth was driven home to the hearts and confidence of the people with force, and a well-fought battle was fought out in our soul coming to the Mercy Seat. We closed praying God's richest blessing to rest upon the soldiers and Lent Officers of the Lippincott corps, who, with their hard-working officers, are striving to bring the lost of that section of Toronto to the feet of Jesus. The splendid crowds and increased finances we are sure, must have been a source of cheer to those responsible for the arrangements. F. E.

SALVATION  
HAND-BELL RINGERS  
ON TOUR.

The Hand-Bell Troupe arrived in Parisburg at 5 o'clock, and were driven to the quarters, where ten was ready for us.

We had a good time in the open-air. The camp was delighted with Capt. McElheeney's jigs and Lieut. Urquhart's music.

The musical meeting that followed was always grand. The bell was packed to the doors, and the collections were the best we have had so far for one single night.

Sunday morning knee-drill was good, but there were a good many absent. One comrade set his watch Eastern Standard Time, and in the morning he started to go to knee-drill, only to find he was an hour late.

The holiness meeting was a time of inspiration. The Major spoke with power, linking his subject, "Sam-

son," and making us see the folly of trifling with salvation. Although the crowd was small yet we had the joy of seeing three out for salvation and one for sanctification. The afternoon meeting was good. Since we could not hold an open-air meeting, we went for a march all round the town, and half the country as well. The barracks was nicely filled on our return, and the people listened very attentively to what we had to say. Major took his text from Peter, speaking about the "Blood of Christ," which is so precious to every child of God. After the meeting the Major spoke to the children.

At night we had a blessed time, indeed. The barracks was crowded to the doors with an interested audience. Capt. McElheeney spoke with power, Lieut. Urquhart played, and the Troupe rendered a selection on the bells while a liberal collection was being taken up. The Major spoke with force, his subject being "The Sinner's Confession." The subject, and the stories told by the Major, hold of many hearts, as was seen by the results that followed in the inspiring prayer meeting. We finished up 11:40 with a full-dress dance, making over eight souls in the fountain, making twelve for the day. Praise God !

After 12 o'clock, midnight, we started packing up, having to drive two miles and catch a boat for Kingsport at 5 o'clock. At 4:20 a.m. we left the barracks, only just in time to catch the boat. The morning was clear and foggy, but soon became warm and strong before the day was over. After waiting two hours in Kingsport we boarded the train for Canning, where we had the Musical Festival in the Oddfellows' Hall, which was engaged for the purpose. Although the hall was terrible, yet we had a nice and attentive crowd in the hall.

Tuesday morning, we left for Kentville, Capt. G. Hudson and Lieut. McWilliams had worked hard for the success of our meeting, and had engaged the Opera House.

In the afternoon Capt. Hudson borrowed a car, which we fitted up with seats and got the ladies of the party in with the officers from Canning, to drive them around advertising our meetings.

The meeting at night in the Opera House was good, in spite of the great many counter attractions. The musical wonder proved quite the attraction, both on and inside, and although in the walking encyclopaedia of the party, he kept within bounds and kept his big words to himself.

Wednesday morning we left for Windsor, N. S. We were glad to see Adj't Hunter at the depot, able to get round again after his long illness.

Our reception meeting at night was good and a very enjoyable one right through.

Thursday we were again delighted to welcome into our midst Major Plekerling, who had been away from us to attend a wedding, and other business, for the last few days. The night meeting was the Musical Festival, led by the Major. Although there were counter attractions, we had a good crowd, which was very gratifying to Capt. Brown, who, with our meeting and a picnic, had been able to clear off quite a heavy debt.

Friday morning we boarded the Blue nose train to go back to spend a night at Kentville, on our way to Annapolis. The day was fine, and the trip through the valley was grand.

At Kentville we had a nice crowd to our meeting. The Major led on, and we were glad to see our worthy friend, Adj't Hunter again. The people stayed to the last, in spite of a building burning to the ground.

Praise God, the Troupe are happy, well saved, and going on to victory.

(To be continued.)

## HAMILTON DISTRICT.

Great revival times are being experienced in this District. In four corps the results of one day's meeting (Sunday, Sept. 16th) were 16 souls at the Mercy Seat—11 in Hamilton L. 3 at St. Catharines, 1 at Dundas, and 1 at Hamilton H.



Our esteemed and newly-married comrade, Captain and Mrs. White, spent the day with us at No. 1. The crowds outside and in were most attentive and very large. The Brethren's meeting on Sunday morning

was appreciated by them. This was evidenced by their generous response to the collection. The band played splendidly under the leadership of Bandmaster Clark. God was with us. A number of changes have been made in this District since the Provincial Councils. Capt. Campbell has come to No. 1, Capt. McCann, with Lieut. Letts, have taken No. II, and Capt. Patterson, with his Cedars, have made a good start at Dundas. These officers all seem happy and have made up their minds to let the devil know that they are about.

Our H. F. District target is \$301, and we anticipate, by God's help, on or before Oct. 3rd, having this goal reached.—A. Goodwin, D. O.

**Major McMillan, the Chancellor, and the  
Boy Trumpeters at Petrolia.**

## A Stirring Week-End.

**PETROLIA.**—The P. O. and Chancellor with the Boy Trumpeters, have paid a visit to Petrolia. What a glorious week-end we had, and as one who was there, I must let the War Cry readers know how the time was spent. We had a grand open-air meeting on Saturday night. A good crowd gathered to hear the music and songs of the visiting comrades, and God did indeed bless the meeting. In spite of a stupid program had been arranged for the Trumpeters, who with their brass instruments and song captivated the crowd. Then how can I describe the blessings of Sunday. If what the poet says, that "A Sunday well spent brings a week of content," then it must be the forerunner of a good week. What with the knee-drill, and holiness meeting, and the straight Gospel truths laid down by the Major and Chancellor Phillips in their addresses, the people of Petrolia should rise from their spiritual slumber into life and energy for God and dying souls.

What a change in the afternoon. We went to Diamond Park, where, in the shade, and under the blue canopy of heaven, God came down on earth to give, while glorified ones said, "Hallelujah!" The testimonies of our aged comrades, three of them making up total of one hundred and thirteen years spent in the service of God, was a great inspiration to us. The singing of the Boy Trumpeters, "When the old dominion is gone," caught on with the crowd, amongst whom were many who were slaves to the drink, but, thank God, others who had been saved from its curse were able to give their testimonies to God's saving and keeping power. During the meeting the Major gave little Ruth Churchill to the Lord. The night's meeting was a memorial service of our sainted comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. God was present. The Lord wonderfully helped Staff-Capt. Phillips as he spoke of his dear wife's life and death. Tears flowed, and God spoke to many hearts present. One sister consecrated herself to God afresh. We shall be glad to see the Major and Chancellor again, —F. I. S. C.

## Surrounded by Water.

**PARRISHBURG, N. S.**—We have just had our second picnic. The morning of the 13th was cold, but to our delight, the day turned out fine. While in the midst of our enjoyment the tide came in upon us and we were surrounded by water. We opened our eyes wide, I can assure you. The tide, however, soon receded and all danger passed. After tea and spending an enjoyable day we drove home, a happy crowd. Look out for news of H. F.—Lieut. J. P. Ebson.

## Special Memorial Services.

**LEAMINGTON.**—Having heard that the Salvation Army was holding a memorial service on Sunday evening, Sept. 9th, for the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, and in view of the love of the Army, I attended my wife to their barracks. It is needless to say that I enjoyed the service very much. Several spoke of their departed comrade's goodness and loyalty to the flag, under which she fought so nobly for many years, and while the many beautiful choruses were sung, being so appropriate for the occasion, I noticed some in the audience weeping. I stayed till the meeting closed, and was enabled to rejoice with them over seeing one soul, whose sobs could be heard all over the building, step into the light of God. I enjoy such meetings as these, I am going again in the near future.—One who was there.

**BLENHEIM.**—Sunday night was the memorial service of our beloved comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, which brought an increase in our attendance. The service was conducted by Capt. Harman. Comrades Garrad and Hills sang, "There's a beautiful city," after which the Captain took for his lesson I Cor. xv. 54-55, and spoke with deep feeling. The writer had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Phillips, she having been blind for a meeting, some two years ago, and gave us a very interesting sketch of her travels on the Pacific Coast, which was greatly appreciated. May God bless and sustain her sorrowing husband. Let us keep one garment spotless, and fight the battle through, and may her lot be the happy golden shore.—Tom Groom.

**WOOSTER, OHIO.**—Since coming here God has been blessing us wonderfully. On Sunday night we held a memorial service for our dear comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. God's presence was felt all through the meeting, and conclusion was stamped on many faces. Two shiners cried to God for mercy, one being a huckster. To God be all the glory. Hands and Knuckles.

**RIDGETOWNS.**—Saturday night we were reinforced by Sgt.-Major Graham, of Thamesville. In the Sunday morning's holiness meeting God came very near and blessed the few who were present. At night the memorial service of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips was held. The Treasurer read from Rev. vii. 9-17. She told of the time when she (then Capt. Wells) was resting in the Home of Rest, Toronto, and what a great blessing Mrs. Phillips was, who was singing there of the time when God called his people to glory, while glorified ones said, "Hallelujah!" The testimonies of our aged comrades, three of them making up total of one hundred and thirteen years spent in the service of God, was a great inspiration to us. The singing of the Boy Trumpeters, "When the old dominion is gone," caught on with the crowd, amongst whom were many who were slaves to the drink, but, thank God, others who had been saved from its curse were able to give their testimonies to God's saving and keeping power. During the meeting the Major gave little Ruth Churchill to the Lord. The night's meeting was a memorial service of our sainted comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. God was present. The Lord wonderfully helped Staff-Capt. Phillips as he spoke of his dear wife's life and death. Tears flowed, and God spoke to many hearts present. One sister consecrated herself to God afresh. We shall be glad to see the Major and Chancellor again, —F. I. S. C.

**NORWICH.**—Saturday night the soldiers turned out in great force to welcome our D. O., Adj't McIver, who came to give us a week-end. We bait two beautiful open-air meetings. A fine crowd in attendance and everything went with a swing. All day Sunday the people seemed very much interested. At night the Adj'tant conducted the memorial service of the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. The meeting was very impressive, but there were no visible results. We believe God is working in our midst. M. Crawford, Lieut.

## Go You Must.

**BIRD ISLAND COVE.**—Well, sir, on Sunday, all day, the wind blew a gale from the north, but on Sunday night the heavenly gates began to blow, and glad we are to say we were out in it, and it was "Go you must." Five souls volunteered for salvation. We had one Army man from the Methodist Church and one from the English Church, and altogether we had a glorious time. Our motto is "Never say die." J. D.



Pulling Down Satan's Strongholds.

heard that holding a meeting, Staff-Capt. Seydel, comrade's flag, under many beautiful so appropriate some I stayed till was enabled seeing one heard all to the light meetings as in the near re.

night we our beloved Phillips. In our visit conducted under Garrow a beautiful captain took 54-55, and The writer owing Mrs. filled for a 's ago, and sketch of Const. which May God crowning his garments the through, uppy golden

free coming as we wongt we held our dear Phillips. God's through the was stamped ears ered to a backsider. —Hounds and

ay night we —Major Gra- the Sunday sing God came the few who the memorial Capt. Phillips er from of the time was rest-

Toronto, and Mrs. Phillips, at the time, —Major Gra- dards about our Carr sung, in heaven," we meet?" and Christian arts, "Let me teous, and let One who was

night the sol- force to wel- Heng, who end. We meetings. ce and every- All day and very much Adjutant con- of the late. The meet- We believe our milst. —M.

—Well, sir, a wind blew a little on Sunday es began to say we were to you must." The sun from the together we our motto is

MEDICINE HAT.—We have had some grand victories during the past month. Shiners of every kind have been found kneeling at the Cross and claiming pardon, and those who we had to wash from Adj't. Melton the darning Presbyterian. He is a real Blood-and-Fire worker. God bless him! We have just had an ice cream social. Judging by the pleasant smiles on the F.O.'s faces, it was a success. We have splendid fighting officers, good soldiers to back them up, and a go-ahead people. Why should we not have victory? There is plenty of work here for all hands. Satan is not idle by any means. He is building up strongholds that must be torn down, and with our Great Leader to help us, we are bound to have victory through the Blood. Many are under conviction, and we believe will soon come over on the Lord's side. May God grant it. This is your humble servant's second effort—first not published. Saved seven months, and getting along nicely. Believe it is better than before.—Alex. Fraser, Sergt.-Major.

Adj't. Wiggins Visits St. Stephen and Calais.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—On Thursday we had a visit, for the first time, from our new D. O., Adj't. Wiggins. Calais corps united with us. Adjutant took for his subject I Cor. xii. 1-2. Everybody listened with the closest attention as he in a most interesting manner sought to impress our minds that all gifts, however excellent, are nothing without charity. Friday night united meeting in Calais. The Adjutant made a very earnest appeal to the unsaved, from the words, "Why sit we here until we die?" We have been helped and much encouraged by the Adjutant's visit, and are looking forward, with pleasure, to the time when we will come again. We are making preparations for Harvest Festival, believing and expecting to reach our target—Soldier.

Left the Meeting, but returned and got saved.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Conviction tugged so closely to a fellow's heels after he left the Thursday night meeting that he returned, after going part of the way home, and cried and prayed for pardon. Good boy! Now, you get in and drift like the other recent converts. Adj't. Sam Wiggins, D. O., from Frederleton, at our corps Tuesday. He led an open-air meeting in which the rapture and glory came down in first rate style. He has hugs equal to John's while hollering for Nineveh to repent. Ensign Larder, the long Yankee, from Roultou, also shouted same night.—F. E. S.

After Sinners.

HAMILTON II.—We are still on the war path. Our meetings on Sunday were blessed by God, and one sister found her way to the Mercy Seat. Our motto at No. II, is, "What we've got we hold, and what we've not got we're after!"—Capt. McCann, and Lieut. Letty.

A Watermelon Feast.

YORKVILLE.—Staff-Capt. Creighton, assisted by his brother, Adj't. Creighton, conducted a very successful weekend at this corps. Again on Thursday the Staff-Captain, accompanied by a number of H. Q. officers, including Adj't. Morris, who conducted his last meeting at Yorkville before going to the Klondike, led another meeting entitled, "Mistle and Water Melon." The meeting was of a musical nature; the winter violin was served afterwards, both were very much enjoyed. They all received a hearty invitation to come again. Of course, it was Capt. Richmond who originated the title of our special meeting.—T. J. Meeks.

—Well, sir, a wind blew a little on Sunday es began to say we were to you must." The sun from the together we our motto is

QUEBEC—Good meetings all day Sunday. We had with us Adj't. Kenway, who had a visit. There was nothing new about him. Adjutant, consequently we had a real go-ahead time, especially in the night meeting, when one dear brother plunged into the Fountain. Adj't. Kenway, Capt. Norman, and Glory Dove had a dance around the platform. You should hear Capt. Norman Holler Hallelujah. In fact off the comrades had a real hallelujah Sunday. Somebody said they thought they were down in Newfound-land again!—David Cusick, Trens.

Mark Spencely at Lindsay.

LINDSAY.—On Sunday, Sept. 6th, Bro. Mark Spencely paid our corps another visit. This time he brought with him his wife and some of the rising generation. He again made things lively with his singing Salvation songs and original addresses. Quite a large number remained to the prayer meeting on Sunday evening—quite unusual. We had a real red-hot time, with two souls in the fountain. To God be all the glory.—Arthur Moore, S.M.

Two Salvations John Hands.

REVELSTOKE.—Last Friday morning, about 5 o'clock, a small party of Salvationsists could have been seen winding their way to the depot. The Vancouver train had just come in. They were three in number, one lad and two lasses. The lad was loaded with gifts, paper parcels, and bird cages, and he was taking the lead, seeming to be very much absorbed in his work. His head was slightly bent forward. The lasses, Adj't. Woodruff and Ensign Lester, brought up the rear. Well, to make a long story short, the next day one of our lasses, Ensign Lester, changed her name, and now has the same name as the lad who earned the bird cages. They are known now as Bro. and Sister Knight. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, did the job. They have come to make their home here. God bless them, may their lives be full of joy and sunshine. On Sunday, all day, and Monday and Tuesday, we had special meetings led by Adj't. Woodruff and Mrs. Knight. We had beautiful times. One out for salvation on Sunday night. Glory be to God! The Adjutant left us on Wednesday for Nelson. We are expecting to have glorious times next week. Our beloved P. O. and his wife will be with us. H. F. has arrived. Watch our smoke. We are in to win.—Slyvers.

Ottawa's New Hall.

OTTAWA.—God has wonderfully blessed and guided us during the past fortnight. In securing new quarters, which are located on Lisgar St. Owing to our new hall being in an unfinished condition, we were compelled to hold our Saturday and Sunday's meetings in the old barracks, from which we had, the previous Sunday, farewelled. The meetings, however, were much blessed and owned of God. Nine souls fell into the Beautiful Glory to His name. On Thursday evening, 13th Sept., Brigadier Pugnaire was enthusiastically received as he proceeded to open the new barracks. We had a glorious time. There was music and dancing over two prodigals coming home. We enjoyed the Brigader's visit very much, and hope to soon see him again. The Salvation Army is conducting meetings in the Exhibition Grounds during the fair, in a tent which has kindly been placed at our disposal.—A. French, Sec.

Some Special Events.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Last Sunday night we held the memorial meeting of Bro. Tostler, who was promoted to

Glory a short time ago. The hall was well filled, and the appeal made by Capt. Fisher to the unsaved to get ready to meet our comrade in heaven, was very impressive, and caused many to think of the hereafter. On Tuesday last, Capt. Krell arrived to assist Capt. Fisher here to fight sin and the devil. Bro. Sergeant has been very sick for a few days. We have missed him in our meetings very much, as he has always been found in his post fighting for the right. Saturday night we had a nice tea and cake social, although we had a regular blizzard from the east. We found it necessary to serve hot coffee also. Taking everything into consideration, we had a good time, and all enjoyed themselves. Net proceeds, \$10.—J. H. F., R. C.

Following the Gospel Plow.

STRATFORD.—We are still plodding along behind the Gospel plow, and are looking for some rich blessings to fall upon us in the salvation of sinners. A remark was passed a short time ago that God had left the Salvation Army, but by the meetings we have we are proving the contrary. Our open-air are nearly double to what they used to be. Sergt. Moore and others of us give them the plain Gospel. May God give them grace enough to step into the fold.—Cand. J. A. Fletcher.

Vist of Ensign Burrows.

OWEN SOUND.—Ensign Burrows with us Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Sunday's meetings were times of power. One backslider returned home and others are under conviction. Lantern service a success.—Cpts. Stevens and McLennan.

In for Victory.

WALACEBURG.—Since coming to Wallaceburg we have had some good times. Two backsliders have returned to the fold. We are now very busy with Harvest Festival. Our target is high, but, by the help of God, we shall win.—Capt. and Mrs. Huntington.

Ensign Percy on the War Path.

DATDPHIN.—"He is too good to live." This was the verdict of one of Dauphin's citizens after hearing little "Arthur," Ensign Percy, speak. "These two special arrived on Saturday night, and conducted four special meetings in town and vicinity. Though disappointed in crowds, in consequence of the heavy rain on Sunday, yet the meetings, on the whole, were crowned with blessing. "Little Arthur" singing took the hum. Dauphin people say, "Come again," to both—Geo. S. Gauble, C.O.

Third Anniversary.

BILLINGS, Mont.—We have just celebrated our third anniversary here, and although we have not accomplished all that we have desired, yet a good work has been done. We do not see all the results of our labors amongst those ranchers, herdsmen, and transient people—some of our people are scattered all over, one at the Philippines—yet we are battling on, doing our best to warn men and women to repent.—M. Ayre, Adj't.

Hallelujah Wedding.

MONTREAL.—On Thursday evening, 13th inst., in No. 1, barracks, Bro. M. Henson, from London, Eng., was married to Sister L. A. Wells, who has just arrived from the Old Country. The ceremony was conducted by Staff-Capt. Barritt, assisted by the Rev. A. Rowan, of the Methodist Church, in the presence of a large congregation who wish, with me, that every success may attend the path of Bro. and Sister Henson, who have promised God that, come what may, He shall be first. After the ceremony was over, Bro. and Sister Henson both testified to the saving and keeping power of God. With an appeal to the sinners present, the meeting closed, everyone feeling that a most enjoyable evening had been spent, and one which will be remembered for some time to come, especially by your humble War Correspondent.—E. L. Graves.

A Glorious Week.

MONTREAL II.—Good times all week. We had Brigadier Pugnaire with us Sunday night. A real blessed time. Two souls came to God. Soldiers had a dance. Everybody was glad. Six souls for the week. Praise God!—W. G., R. C.



Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa.

Brigadier Pugnaire with us.

PRESCOOT.—"God bless you, Captain, how is the fight?" were his words as he floated from the train. "Well, we have much to thank God for, souls are being saved, and we have you down to enrol five recruits under the Blood-and-Fire Flag."

"Bless the Lord, that's beautiful! All glory to God!" Our open-air was a time of blessing. Hundreds listened to the Brigadier. His singing reached their hearts, and amid much conviction, we started for the barracks, where a beautiful crowd awaited us inside, also around the hall standing on the sidewalks. Outside numbers gathered, and through open windows and door listened to the burning words of the Brigadier. At this juncture five comrades stepped forward and were publicly enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army.

"God's love," the theme of the Brigadier's address, was listened to most attentively by all present, Rev. C. Harrington and son, and Sister Cartleman assisted us. Good convulsions. Hallelujah finish. Christians blessed, and great conviction among the sinners. Come again, Brigadier.—Hallelujah Seethman.

Enrolled Six Recruits.

GARNISH.—Seeing we have only a little bit of the world to call our own, I thought our readers might have forgotten we were here, but we are about all the same, and alive, too, klecking the old devil every chance we get. We had our D. O., Adj't. Newman with us the other night, and had a good time. We have also turned six recruits into Blood-and-Fire soldiers. We are having very good times and to victory and glory.—J. Wiseman.

A New Band.

GLACE BAY.—An immense crowd greeted our band boys on Saturday night as they made their first appearance on the street with their new instruments. The music is first class, and the open-air are increasing wonderfully. Our 11. F. target is only \$10, which will be collected before this is in print. One barracks is now nicely fixed up inside and presents a neat appearance, thanks to the push of Ensign Parsons and the talent of Capt. Leadley, who is making a name for himself as a painter. The work is progressing favorably in Glace Bay. One son saved on Sunday night.—Sergeant Major.

In Love with the Place.

HEART'S CONTENT.—We have just got settled to work in our new station, and already love the place and the people. The soldiers are all that could be desired, no trouble in getting them to the meetings. The War Cry Serjt. Major, Mrs. Seaward, is a great hustler, sells her War Crys every week. Her name is well known around Newfoundland for her devotion to God and her loyalty to the Flag.—E. Suncklin, Capt.

Keeping Up the Battle.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The war is still progressing and things are looking bright. The hot weather devil has a busy season on, but determined courage on the part of our officers and soldiers makes his cage to keep on the battle. We shall win by the grace of God. The annual Harvest Festival is in our ears, but with such leaders as we have, victory is sure. Watch us.—Mighty like See.

## Pars. from the Pacific Province.

PENMED BY STAFF-CAPTAIN TAYLOR.

Just five days after arriving home from their tour through Montana, Major and Mrs. Hargrave started out again for a tour through British Columbia. The wild, rugged mountain scenery on this trip will be a pleasant change from the treeless prairie ground traveled over on the previous tour. The Chancellor accompanied the Majors to Rossland for the week-end. Familiar strains of music are heard as we near the station, and on signaling from the train we find Adj't Stevens and Capt. Gath, with the band, at the depot to give us a welcome. God bless them!

Rossland is a growing town, and the Army is bent on keeping pace. We have a fine corps, a good Ju-Jitsu work, and a fine barracks to fight for God in. The barracks, by the way, has just been painted, and it presents a splendid appearance.

The soldiers and people turned out well, and the meetings were much enjoyed by all. The Major took the Bible Class at the Company meeting, four other Companies being instructed by their leaders at the same time.

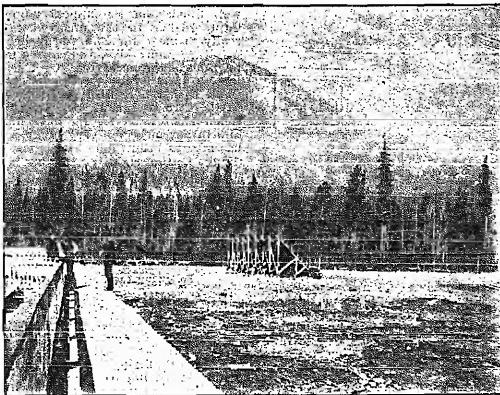
We are glad to hear that Sunday work at the mines will soon be a thing of the past; some have already closed down on that day, and the famous Le Roy and War Eagle mines will also follow suit after the 1st of October.

A few hours' run on Monday morning brings us to Robson's Landing, where we part company. The Major going by boat to Revelstoke, myself going on to Nelson.

What a warm-hearted lot the Nelson braves are! No wonder Adj't and Mrs. McGill are delighted with them. The two meetings held here were full of life and blessing, and we were much disappointed to have to close without seeing anyone saved. Capt. Haas, who is on special work, assisted with the meetings at Nelson, and accompanied the chancellor to Fernie, a prospective opening on the C. P. R. line not far from the Crows' Nest Pass.

Fernie is a coming town. It is only three or four years old, but already it has a population of 2,000. The coal mines are about five miles away, but most of the miners live in the town, free transportation being given them to and from the mines. The great coke ovens, for which Fernie is becoming noted, are right in the town. By the time this is in print there will be 200 golden ovens. The coal is carried to them by rail direct from the mines, each oven, or kiln, uses a capacity of three tons, and it takes about three days burning. The coke, which is considered the best in the country, is shipped in great quantities to the many "smelters" at different mines.

The sight of these long rows of "ovens" burning at night is something one is not likely to soon forget.



VIEW OF FERNIE, B.C.  
One of the youngest towns of British Columbia.

We were delighted to find quite a number of uniformed Salvationists here, fully alive to the needs of the place and anxious to have the Army open fire. Among others, we were glad to see Bro. McMillin, formerly of Glace Bay, J. S. S.-M. Teachers, of Lethbridge, and Bro. Brooks of Ponoka Falls, also Bro. and Sister McCoo (formerly Captain Kemp). A large crowd turned out to the open-air, and the hall was full. The people were much interested and the meeting was a treat to the comrades there. At the close, a young man sought salvation.

The people of the place are very kindly disposed towards the Army, and would like to see our flag planted there; even John Chinaman was anxious to know if "Salvation Army was comin'." We were delighted with the prospects, and it is more than likely in the near future the old Army drum will be heard in the little mountain-sheltered town of Fernie, calling sinners to repentance.

### Adj't Bob Smith's Travels

**With the Indians in Various Places—Stevenson Stirred—Vancouver Held by the Indians on July 1st—Outridding—Victoria Visited—Grandmother Goes to Glory.**

I left Port Simpson on the good S. S. Taia, on Sunday, June 24th, at 5:30 p.m., we got to Metlakatla at 7 p.m. The English Church service was just over, and several Indians were coming on board to go to the fishing grounds. At 8 p.m. we left for Skidegate on Queen Charlotte Islands. We had a very nice meeting on board, and everybody seemingly enjoyed it. Peter Haldane, a native teacher, interpreted to the Indians.

We arrived at Skidegate at 6 a.m. Monday, stayed there four hours and returned to the Skeena River at 8 p.m. I met Ensign Thorildson and some of his people at Port Essington. We left the Skeena River again at 3 p.m. Tuesday, arriving in Vancouver after a good passage, at 7 o'clock Friday morning.

Here I met a lot of soldiers and people from Port Simpson, who had come down a few days previous. We took possession of Vancouver, as far as the Salvation Army was concerned, for the 1st of July. Big crowds attended, some souls were saved, many blessed, and good collections were given.

Indians and Whites at a Sun Fight.

On Tuesday night Adj't. Woodruff and her staff had arranged a soldiers' ball with the prospect of a good time.

The following weekend we were in Stevenson, which is the seat of the salmon fishing on the Fraser River.

We held three meetings, had good crowd, and, I believe, did some good. We kept this up until the first week in August. Many of the soldiers and bushmen turned out real well, and we had good times together. The fish were scarce, and the prospects were not very good for a good season. One company, however, who delayed, stopped me one evening, wanting to talk, and we got down to real earnestness. I had another good talk to him afterwards. It seems that he was brought up well, had loving parents, but evil influences and drink drove him to the bad. Friends pray for him. He is some mother's boy, and belongs to Jesus by right.

Then I had the pleasure of visiting a few old friends on the Fraser, part of one of my outridings districts, and much joy was expressed when they saw me.

**Rockside Reclaimed at the Fence Corner.**

One soldier had backslidden, but when out in his garden showing me his crops, showed his Jesus as his brother of his backslidings. We got down alongside the fence and poured out our hearts. He confessed his backslidings, and I believe, was sovied again.

There are quite a few soldiers through this part. It seems a pity that there is no officer now outridng here.

An officer who labors among the Indians is expected to do many things. So I had to go to Victoria on business, and had the pleasure of spending my last weekend in Victoria with Capt. Scott, Cadet Buck, and their soldiers. On Saturday night an ex-soldier from California came out and got saved. He had been a backslider for four years.

The Military and Naval League was well to the front. If these lads fire those large guns as straight as the Gospel shots were fired that Sunday, we'll be in the enemy. It was good to be there, and Capt. Scott is in love with Victoria and its surroundings.

I sailed 12 p.m. Sunday, for Port Simpson. We sailed at Vancouver and loaded freight for 18 hours. I

said good-bye to Adj't. Patterson and wife. They had been very kind to me.

I arrived in Port Essington Saturday morning. Met Ensign Thorildson and some soldiers. The Ensign had put three or four ribs out of plumb, and consequently was not feeling at his best. Dr. Bolton fixed them, and no doubt ere long he will be all O. K. again. If he had one of Adam's spare ribs to nurse him it would have been more comfortable for him. I stayed four days in Essington, and arrived home Wednesday. A very familiar face was missing—n'zitzum, or grandmother. From the first when I came to Simpson she used to be my grandmother. She was a lame-toe Indian. "Always rebuking" was her motto. She used to talk Indian when others looked gloomy. If a meeting was not lively, very often her little sour and testimony gave new life. She was only sick four days, and said that she regretted that she could not see the soldiers and myself, and have another sing in the barracks before she died. But she sang one of her favorites before she died. "Will you go to the Eden above?" One of the sister soldiers who was with her said she this, and she had a glimpse of heaven, and she said it was a beautiful place. We'll meet again.—Robt. Smith, Adj't.

### Tit-Bits from Mid-Ocean

#### BERMUDA.

Some changes have taken place since last report. Capt. F. Clark and Lieuts. Mowbray and Metcalf have arrived and received a proper welcome.

Captain Clark and Lieut. Mowbray have made a good start in the St. George's corps. A few souls have got saved and the crowds are good.

Somerset is not behind the times, but with its able leaders, Captain Bell and Lieut. Metcalf, is making a good fight for souls. One prisoner was taken lost week: It was a man who broke into the quarters. He was arrested and sent to jail for a month.

Capt. Cowan, of Southampton, is quite ill at present, yet the corps is doing fairly well.

Hamilton corps is still marching on. We have had some grand open-air meetings and, thank God, a few have been saved at the drum head. We hold open-air meetings at Warwick and the dials every other week, and have large crowds. Capt. Brehaut is now our A. D. C.

Four of our brothers of West India Regiment, have gone to St. Helena. Those who remain are doing well.

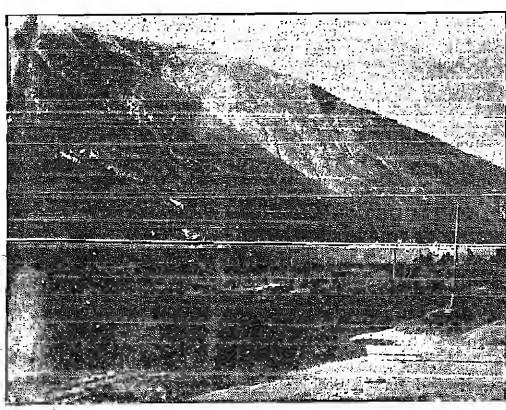
The Army's the thing in Bermuda. A new yacht in the harbor flies the Army flag, while another small boat is called the War Cry.

The little note in the War Cry, saying the Commissioner intends coming to Bermuda in November, has created like wild-fire, and everybody is getting excited. What a time there will be! The crowds we shall have! The souls we shall see saved! Pray for this, comrades.

Our League boys of the 2nd Worcester Regiment, who have been to the front in South Africa, are made of the right material. In spite of long marches, fevers, wounds, and loss of comrades, they write such cheering letters and give bright testimony of God's saving grace. A letter to hand from Brigade-Sergt. Wenthorne says, "I am going to Ceylon with prisoners. Mrs. Wilson and Mullin are also going. I trust it may be the means, in God's hands, of bringing souls to the foot of the Cross on the voyage. Both Boer and Briton have a soul to save. Pray for me."

Also a letter to hand from L. C. Kilhamster (Banshee) saying there are only four in the regiment left on the field—Adj'mts. Hayes and himself. The rest of the boys have gone into hospital with wounds and fever, while some have gone to glory.

L. Miller, D. O.



"GRANITE MOUNTAIN" NELSON, B.C.

OUR  
C.I.  
FOOT

Pompeius  
rivals at thi  
was to keep  
Cesar made  
head and in  
he could not  
looked up t  
queror. So  
considerate  
where he cou  
an army, in  
form things.  
in Spain in  
back and me  
and Crassus,  
in marriage  
which was  
when he obt  
obtained the  
himself the  
bringing in  
the amount the  
getting Pompe  
taking other  
make the Se  
had foretold  
Marine and

After this,  
clue, and to  
it, by 3  
visits to Bu  
well trust th  
be ready for  
came back,  
ed to bring  
put to death  
without do  
any conse  
him four in  
His exile and  
then better w  
was brought  
and welcome.

Pompeius  
the Romans  
gathered  
for some tim  
did theatre  
after the vi  
sky, with 1  
round an ore  
never used  
age sports f  
ed. When it  
fions, eight  
titude of ga  
fight. In fin  
another, be  
toators, the  
temple to C  
his considera  
his produc  
managing it  
had Syria,  
with the wh  
ern border.  
the army of  
ed by the 1  
his head cut  
up with mo  
riches. Al  
treachery that  
of such a di  
to secrete no  
nothing but  
which good  
could do, no  
he one he  
grew so fri  
Pompeius  
that always  
do only for  
a feeling tha  
Cesar's tri  
called upon  
Pompeius gr  
army in Spai  
would resign.

Cesar adv  
as far as 1  
part of Cis  
consal. Ma  
Pompeius w  
would, and  
Cesar's gre  
his and Cis  
bunes, forwh  
were not he  
empire, aske

So he adv  
for on m  
many of m  
Roman tow  
cept for the  
river Ruble  
Cispadane Ga  
ed it, by in  
ing through

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XXI.

POMPEIUS AND CAESAR.

Pompeius and Caesar were great rivals at this time. Pompeius' desire was to keep the old framework, while Caesar made up his mind to take the lead and mould them afresh. This he could not do, while Pompeius was looked up to as the last great conqueror. So Caesar meant to serve his consulate, take some of government where he could get it, and form a new and then come home to reform things. After a year's service in Spain as propraetor, Caesar came back and made friends with Pompeius and Crassus, giving his daughter Julia in marriage to Pompeius, and forming what was called a triumvirate, or union of three men. Thus he easily obtained the consulship, and shewed himself the friend of the people by bringing in an Agrarian law for dividing the public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, not forgetting Pompeius' old soldiers; also taking other measures which might make the Senate reelect that Sulla had foretold that he would be another Minos and more.

After this, he took Gaul as his province and took seven years subduing it bit by bit, and in making two visits to Britain. He might pretty well trust the rotten state of Rome to be ready for his intercession when he came back. Clodius had actually dared to bring Cicero to trial for having put to death the friends of Catilina without allowing them to plead their own cause, and the people punished him four hundred miles from Rome. His exile only lasted two years, and then better counsels prevailed, and we were brought home by a general vote, and welcomed triumphantly.

Pompeius did all he could to please the Romans, when he was consul, together with Crassus. He had been for some time holding a most splendid theatre in the Campus Martius, after the Greek fashion, under a sky, "With a roof of galleries enclosing an arena as well, but the Greeks had never used their theatres for the savage sports for which this was intended. When it was opened, five hundred strong eighteen elephants, and a multitude of gladiators were provided to fight, in different冲突s, with one another, before thirty thousand spectators, the whole being crowned by a temple to Competing Venus. After the consulate, Pompeius took Spain as his province, but did not go there, managing it by deputy; while Crassus had Syria, and there went to war with the wild Parthians on the Eastern border. In the battle of Carrhae, the army of Crassus was entirely routed by the Parthians. He was slain, his head cut off, and his mouth filled up with heated gold to cover his teeth. At Rome there was such distress that no one thought even of such a disaster. Brutes were given to pause plotions, and there was nothing but tumult and uproar, in which good men like Cicero and Crato could do nothing. Clodius was killed in one of these frays, and the mob grew so furious that the Senate chose Pompeius to be sole consul to pray down; but this he was able to do only for a short time. There was a feeling that Caesar was wanted. But Caesar's friends said he must not be called upon to give up his army unless Pompeius gave up his command of the army in Spain, and neither of them would resign.

Caesar advanced with all his forces far as Ravenna, which was still part of Gaul. And then the town, Marcus Marcellus, begged Pompeius to protect the commonwealth, and he took up arms. Two of Caesar's great friends, Marcus Antonius and Caius Cassius, who were tribunes, forbade this; and when they were not heeded, they fled to Caesar's camp, setting his protestation. So he advanced. It was not lawful for an imperator, or general in command of an army, to come within the Roman territory with his troops, except for his triumph, and the little river Rubicon was the boundary of Gaul. So when Caesar crossed it, he took the first step in breaking through old Roman rules, and

thus the saying arose that one has crossed the Rubicon when one has gone so far that there is no turning back. Though Caesar's army was but small, his fame was such that everybody seemed struck with dismay, even Pompeius himself, and instead of fighting he cleared off all the senators of his party to the extreme south. Caesar marched after them thither, having won all Italy in sixty days. As he advanced, Pompeius had packed an boat and sailed away, meaning, no doubt, to raise an army in the provinces and return—some feared like Sulla—to take vengeance.

Caesar was appointed dictator, and after crushing Pompeius' friends in

Spain, he pursued him to Macedonia, where Pompeius had been collecting all the friends of the old commonwealth. There was a great battle fought at Pharsalia, a battle which nearly put an end to the old government of Rome, for Caesar gained a great victory; and Pompeius fled to the coast, where he found a vessel and sailed for Egypt. He sent a message to ask shelter at Alexandria, and the leaders of the young king pretended to welcome him, but they really intended to make friends with the victor; and as Pompeius stepped ashore he was stabbed in the back, his body thrown into the surf, and his head cut off.

to the fraternal societies, who conducted their beautiful funeral rites.

Our hearts go out for the bereaved wife and fatherless children, and we pray God's richest blessings upon them.—O. Shoemaker.

Mrs J. S. S.-M. Geare, of Strathe, Promoted to Glory.

After a long and very painful illness God has seen fit to take our comrade home. Her sickness was borne as only a child of God can do, and while her prospects here were good, and evidently a happy future before her, she was willing to say, "Thy will be done," and to go home at the call of her Lord. We gave her a soldier's funeral. At the barracks the service was conducted by Ensign Wakefield. Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell sang, "When the roll is called in heaven," and the bugle spoke earnest words of warning to the sinner, and rejoiced with the saved ones because of the hope we have of seeing our comrade again. We marched from the barracks to Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, where the Ensign, assisted by Capt. Kerswell conducted a short service. Then the band, who has always been a faithful soldier of the Cross and having fought a good fight, has gone to reap her reward. The deepest sympathy is felt for dear Bro. George, not only by the comrades, but by the people of the town.—One who was there.

A Veteran Saint Goes Home.

BRANDON, Man.—Father Kilfoil was one of the first soldiers to Brandon. He was converted when a young man, and for about seventy years served God with all his heart. He was one of the brightest Christians you could find. Many a prayerful time he has made in the barracks ring with shouts of praise to God, for His goodness to him. He went to Minto to live for a time, and from there was promoted to Glory. We were unable to get to see him, but he died as he lived, and his end was peace. E. Hayes.

To be afraid of your friend is to lose him.

The truly great are usually the genuinely humble.

OFFICERS AND COMRADES OF LITTLE BAY, N.F.L.D.



Sister Morgan.

Sgt. Duder.

Sgt. Ridout.

Capt. Task.

Sgt. Cooley.

## COMPETITION CHAT

**Arab in Undisputed Lead—Mag Sympathises with Nigger and Keeps Him Company—The East Unable to Stand Against the Allies—Cadet Cook the Champion Seller.**

Major McMillan is a Scotchman who keeps the Sabbath and every other thing he can lay his hands on, among these the lead in the Hustlers' Competition. He's been beaten now and then, but has always rallied. His Arab has most remarkable powers of recuperation.

—♦—

Poor Nigger feels, doubtless, downhearted. It is a pity that the G. O. P. should fall so low. Fancy, only 65 Hustlers this week! Mag, doubtless out of consideration for Nigger's feelings, did not push past him, but stops with him, but I hope not for good. Take heart and stand again.

—♦—

The East? What about the East? Oh, nothing new this week. The allied Provinces have hopelessly taken the upper hand and are about to establish themselves for the winter. Whether they will succeed depends entirely upon the ability of the East to rise to its opportunity, which is doubtless unlimited, in a sense.

—♦—

Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, has now, for three weeks in succession, held the Territorial championship of selling the greatest number of War Crys. Her total this week is no less than 258 copies. My dear Cadet, you see the best Coal we know of. Keep on making it hot for the devil, but never get in a slow.

—♦—

Mrs. Adj't. Frazer holds second place with the magnificent total of 231. Third place is due to Capt. Gibson (229). Special mention deserve Capt. Ziebarth (209), Lent Edwards (179), Mrs. Adj't. McGill (161), and Capt. Conrad of Halifax (160). The individual totals are excellent. God bless the hustlers of the white-winged messenger of peace and good will.

—♦—

Read the challenge in connection with the Klondike list.

—♦—

### THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London ..... 226  
Lent. Edwards, Brantford ..... 179  
Capt. Haley, Windsor ..... 109  
Lent. Birner, Hamilton ..... 109  
Capt. Hellman, Hamilton ..... 100  
Capt. Sitzer, Galt ..... 95  
Lent. Kneehake, Woodstock ..... 84  
Mrs. Capt. Hudson, Wallaceburg ..... 84  
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ..... 83  
Mrs. Adj't. McGillivray, Brantford ..... 83  
Capt. Coe, Guelph ..... 83  
Mrs. Capt. Kewell, Stratford ..... 83  
Capt. Hunter, Stratford ..... 83  
Capt. Jorderson, Forest ..... 83  
Sister Johnson, Peacock ..... 83  
Lent. Carley, Windsor ..... 83  
Capt. Howcroft, Sarnia ..... 83  
Lent. Yeomans, Sarnia ..... 83  
Lent. Maloy, Guelph ..... 83  
Capt. Williams, Woodstock ..... 83  
Capt. Collett, Essex ..... 82  
Sister Garrison, Petrolia ..... 82  
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston ..... 82  
Sister McDougall, Goderich ..... 82  
Capt. Craft, Guelph ..... 82  
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas ..... 82  
Mrs. Adj't. McLaren, St. Thomas ..... 82  
Mrs. Richards, Guelph ..... 82  
Mrs. Rock, Chatham ..... 82  
Ensign Wakefield, London ..... 82  
Fred Palmer, London ..... 82  
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgelewood ..... 82  
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaford ..... 82  
Ensign Crawford, Galt ..... 82  
Capt. Tyre, Wingham ..... 82  
Lent. Stickells, Wingham ..... 82  
Adj't. McGillivray, Brantford ..... 82  
Corps-Cadet Chirch, St. Thomas ..... 82  
Capt. White, Galt ..... 82  
Lent. Dickey, Woodstock ..... 82  
Capt. Campbell, Paris ..... 82  
Design Wynn, Picton ..... 82  
Sister Jones, Peterboro ..... 82  
Sister Murphy, Peterboro ..... 82  
Sergt. Rupino, Barrie ..... 82  
White Hilla, Woodstock ..... 82

#### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Sergt. Major Bradley, Ottawa ..... 125  
Capt. Randell, Ottawa ..... 123  
Ensign Jordan, Cornwall ..... 120  
Capt. Capt. Arapahoe ..... 100  
Capt. Capt. Arapahoe ..... 90  
Sergt. Morris, Montreal I ..... 80  
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg ..... 80  
Lent. Heleman, Penbrake ..... 80  
Ensign Yerex, Brackley ..... 80  
Lent. Thompson, Cornwall ..... 80  
Capt. McLennan, Cornwall ..... 80  
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I ..... 75  
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I ..... 75  
Capt. Pfeiffer, Brockville ..... 75  
P. S. M. Veal, Barre ..... 75  
Capt. Lang, Napanee ..... 75  
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville ..... 70  
Capt. Norman, Quebec ..... 70  
Capt. Birch, Newport ..... 70  
Capt. Carter, Belleville ..... 70  
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury ..... 60  
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury ..... 60  
Capt. O'Neill, Keniryville ..... 55  
Capt. Sizer, Trenton ..... 55  
Capt. Statn, Odessa ..... 55  
Capt. Redburn, Cobourg ..... 55  
Mrs. Hayes, Napanee ..... 55  
Mrs. King, Napanee ..... 55  
Sergt. Shiner, Montreal I ..... 55  
Capt. Thompson, Belleville ..... 55  
Capt. Gossard, Peter Hope ..... 55  
Lent. Grader, Port Hope ..... 55  
Capt. Gandy, Sherbrooke ..... 55  
Capt. Ash, Peterboro ..... 55  
Lent. Northeast, Guelph ..... 55  
Sister Barber, Burlington ..... 55  
Add't. Donly, Millbrook ..... 55  
Capt. Owen, Peterboro ..... 55  
Sergt. Noels, Barre ..... 55  
Lent. Pittman, Burlington ..... 55  
Under-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott ..... 55  
Capt. Milperton, Montreal II ..... 55  
Capt. Mitchell, Cambriafield ..... 55  
Lent. Hande, Campbellfield ..... 55  
Capt. Edwards, Napanee ..... 55  
Sergt. Riteke, Montreal IV ..... 55  
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I ..... 55  
Capt. Tytus, Montreal I ..... 55  
Capt. Gunnaldig, Sarnia ..... 55  
Sister Harbour, Burlington ..... 55  
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed ..... 55  
Capt. Weller, Prescott ..... 55  
Ensign Sims, Peterboro ..... 55  
Capt. Clegg, Millbrook ..... 55  
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I ..... 55  
Capt. Cowan, Southampton ..... 55  
Lent. Smith, Fabyville ..... 55  
J. W. Clark, Carlton ..... 55  
Capt. Miller, St. John I ..... 55  
Capt. Farney, Nickville ..... 55  
Lent. Young, Hampton ..... 55  
Lent. Redmond, Dartmouth ..... 55  
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John II ..... 55  
Capt. Bell, St. George's ..... 55  
Capt. Perry, St. John I ..... 55  
Mrs. Capt. Loring, St. Stephen ..... 55  
Capt. Allan, St. John II ..... 55  
Capt. Miller, St. John I ..... 55  
Capt. Farney, Nickville ..... 55  
Lent. Young, Hampton ..... 55  
Lent. Redmond, Dartmouth ..... 55  
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John II ..... 55  
Capt. Bell, St. George's ..... 55  
Capt. Cowan, Southampton ..... 55  
Lent. Smith, Fabyville ..... 55  
J. W. Clark, Carlton ..... 55  
Capt. Miller, St. John I ..... 55  
Capt. Farney, Nickville ..... 55  
Lent. A. Marthong, Windsor ..... 55  
Bro. Reid, St. John I ..... 55  
Mrs. Capt. Allan, St. John II ..... 55  
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay ..... 55  
A. Rannie, Bridgewater ..... 55  
A. Rannie, Bridgewater ..... 55  
J. Hardwick, Bridgewater ..... 55  
Capt. Vining, Yarmouth ..... 55  
Capt. Vining, Yarmouth ..... 55

Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I ..... 20  
Sergt. Vacour, Montreal I ..... 20  
Capt. Knugh, Kemptville ..... 20  
Sergt. Shepard, Guelph ..... 20

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

65 Hustlers.

Lent. Parker, Hamilton I ..... 114  
Adj't. Moore, St. Catharines ..... 100  
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippsfield St ..... 85  
Capt. Loft, Merritton ..... 75  
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple ..... 75  
Capt. McLean, Owen Sound ..... 68  
Sister Graves, Owen Sound ..... 67  
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge ..... 62  
Capt. Mathers, Lisgar St ..... 60  
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St ..... 60  
Adj't. DesBrisay, Barrie ..... 55  
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines ..... 55  
Sergt. Goffon, Temple ..... 52  
Capt. Trickey, Orangeside ..... 50  
Lent. Porter, Barrie ..... 49  
Capt. Carwardine, Hamilton J ..... 47  
S. M. Hutton, Oakville ..... 45  
S. G. Yorks, Yorkville ..... 45  
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines ..... 44  
Capt. H. Liston, Richmond St ..... 44  
Bro. Doherdy, Sudbury ..... 44  
Capt. Brown, Hamilton I ..... 43  
Capt. Gossard, Collingwood ..... 43  
Lent. Peacock, Collingwood ..... 43  
Capt. Dison, Temple ..... 43  
Sergt. Pearce, Temple ..... 43  
Lent. Lamb, Oneonta ..... 43  
Lent. Phillips, Midland ..... 43  
Lent. Lee, North Bay ..... 43  
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay ..... 43  
Nellie Richards, Lindsay ..... 43  
Capt. Darrach, North Bay ..... 43  
Capt. Dales, Midland ..... 43  
Sister Medlock, Temple ..... 43  
Capt. Patterson, Dundas ..... 43  
Capt. Stephens, Aurora ..... 43  
Capt. Lillard, Aurora ..... 43  
Sergt. Mand, Slater, Fenelon Falls ..... 43  
Sister Campbell, Chesley ..... 43  
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst ..... 43  
Lent. Pearl, Gravenhurst ..... 43  
Sergt. Major Scott, Bracebridge ..... 43  
Sister Bowers, Lisgar St ..... 43  
S. M. Meeks, Yorkville ..... 43  
Adj't. Goodwin, Hamilton I ..... 43  
Bro. Nash, Midland ..... 43  
Capt. Welsh, Uxbridge ..... 43  
Capt. Myles, Brampton ..... 43  
Lent. Marshall, Fergusham ..... 43  
Capt. LeFebre, Temple ..... 43  
Capt. Law, Sydney ..... 43  
Lent. McLellan, Sydney ..... 43  
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen ..... 43  
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton ..... 43  
Sergt. McIowen, Dartmouth ..... 43  
Bro. Rice, Glace Bay ..... 43  
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggin, Fredericton ..... 43  
Bro. Leiby, Glace Bay ..... 43  
Capt. Allards, Bridgewater ..... 43  
Lent. Pemberton, Bridgewater ..... 43  
Lent. Tatam, North Head ..... 43  
Capt. Peckham, North Head ..... 43  
Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton ..... 43  
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton ..... 43  
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax II ..... 43  
L. Upton, St. John V ..... 43  
J. S. S. M. Bishop, Fredericton ..... 43  
Sister E. Newell, Dartmouth ..... 43  
Capt. McKeown, New Glasgow ..... 43  
Capt. McDonald, Fredericton ..... 43  
Capt. McWilliams, North Head ..... 43  
Capt. McWilliams, Kettville ..... 43  
Capt. McWilliams, Kettville ..... 43  
Capt. Ryan, Truro ..... 43  
Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor ..... 43  
Lent. Lehans, Truro ..... 43

#### EAST vs. WEST.

#### EASTERN PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj't. Frazer, Halifax I ..... 237  
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I ..... 160  
Lent. D. Long, Yarmouth ..... 136  
Capt. Velout, Halifax II ..... 124  
Capt. Leadley, Glace Bay ..... 124  
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor ..... 105  
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney ..... 105  
Sergt. Mirey, St. John I ..... 105  
Lent. Terry, Amherst ..... 105  
Natalie Flood, Dumfries ..... 105  
Mrs. Sancta, Hamilton ..... 105  
Capt. Brook, Hamilton ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Charlottetown ..... 105  
Ensign Johnson, Springfield ..... 105  
Capt. D. D. Dempster, Windsor ..... 105  
Lent. Tiller, St. John III ..... 105  
Capt. Perry, St. John V ..... 105  
Mrs. Capt. Loring, St. Stephen ..... 105  
Capt. Allan, St. John II ..... 105  
Capt. Miller, St. John I ..... 105  
Capt. Farney, Nickville ..... 105  
Lent. Young, Hampton ..... 105  
Lent. Redmond, Dartmouth ..... 105  
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John II ..... 105  
Capt. Bell, St. George's ..... 105  
Capt. Cowan, Southampton ..... 105  
Lent. Smith, Fabyville ..... 105  
J. W. Clark, Carlton ..... 105  
Capt. Miller, St. John I ..... 105  
Capt. Farney, Nickville ..... 105  
Lent. A. Marthong, Windsor ..... 105  
Bro. Reid, St. John I ..... 105  
Mrs. Capt. Allan, St. John II ..... 105  
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay ..... 105  
A. Rannie, Bridgewater ..... 105  
A. Rannie, Bridgewater ..... 105  
J. Hardwick, Bridgewater ..... 105  
Capt. Vining, Yarmouth ..... 105  
Capt. Vining, Yarmouth ..... 105  
Lent. Merle, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Gilliam, Caledonia ..... 105  
Capt. Lawford, Brandon ..... 105  
Capt. Knoddy, Emerson ..... 105  
Capt. Charlton, Calgary ..... 105  
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Calmar ..... 105  
Capt. Custer, Regina ..... 105  
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck ..... 105  
Lent. Muller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott, Larimore ..... 105  
Lent. Miller, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Cook, Grafton ..... 105  
Capt. Morris, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Quist, Rat Portage ..... 105  
Lent. Natall, Devil's Lake ..... 105  
Capt. Ferguson, Grand Forks ..... 105  
Capt. Bansor, Minot ..... 105  
Lent. Scott,



# Songs of the Week

SELECTED BY ENSIGN DEAN, OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.

ENSIGN FLORENCE DEAN came out of Dundas, Ont., in 1887, and after spending three months in the Yorkville Training Garrison, was appointed a Captain to Ootyerville, Waukerton, Walarton, Chelstey, Brussels, Southampton, Durham, Alvington, and

Stratford, following in succession; from three to seven months being spent in each place. At Stratford the Ensign's health appears to have broken down, compelling her to take a lengthened furlough. After a few months' rest, however, she again takes her place in the tray, and durs a good work at St. George, Ootyville, Paris, Norwich, Wallacetown, and Guelph. From here, her work seems to have been of a varied character. Ridgewood, Whigham, Woodstock, Guelph, Ingersoll, Berlin, and Hespeler were interspersed with several appointments to special work, for it is known the Ensign is an A. T. S. woman of many talents. Her appointment to the Staff with the rank of Ensign, came in April 1898. In January, 1899, Ensign Dean was appointed to the North-West Province, and to the command of the Calgary Corps and District. Here God wonderfully blessed her labors, and many souls were brought into the Kingdom. The Ensign next took command of Grand Forks Corps and District, where she is at present pushing the claims of God and the war. Ensign Dean is a loyal, Blood-and-Fire, Separatist, and ranks among our most successful women warlers. Over thirteen years have been spent by her as an officer of the S. A.

## Holiness Song.

Tunes.—Shall we go by at the river? (B.J. 21); Shall we meet beyond the river? (B.J. 14); Love Divine.

1 I must have the Saviour with me,  
For I dare not walk alone;  
I must feel His presence near me,  
And His arm around me thrown.

Chorus.

Then my soul shall feel no ill,  
Let Him lead me where He will,  
I will go without a murmur  
And His footsteps follow still.

I must have the Saviour with me,  
For my faith at best is weak;  
He can whisper words of comfort,  
That no other voice can speak.

I must have the Saviour with me,  
In the onward march of life;  
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,  
Through the battle and the strife.

I must have the Saviour with me,  
And His eye the way must guide,  
Till I reach the rive of Jordan,  
Till I cross the swelling tide.

## Testimony.

Tune.—Oh, joyful sound (B.J. 11); S.M. 1, 1023.

2 My soul is now united to Christ,  
The living Vine,  
His grace I long have slighted, but  
now I feel His pain;  
I want to God a stronger till Jesus took  
me in.  
He freed my soul from danger, and  
pardoned all my sin.

Soon as my all I ventured on the aching blood,  
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God;  
My sins are all forgiven, I feel like  
blond apparel,  
And I shall go to heaven if I in Christ  
nibble.

## Salvation.

Tunes.—In memoriam (B.J. 308); Better world (B.J. 11).

3 There is a better world, they say,  
Oh, so bright!  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh, so bright!  
There music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are  
there.  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
Oh, so bright!

But wicked things, and beasts of prey,  
Come on there!  
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,  
Come on there!  
There all are holy, all are good,  
All hearts unawakened in Jesus' blood,

Time.—Red River Valley.  
4 It's a long time your Saviour's  
been waiting,  
For the words that you never  
would say,  
And, alas! how this sad heart you're  
grieving,  
His Spirit you're driving away.

Chorus.  
Then consider awhile ere you slight  
Him.  
Do not instant away from the view

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—